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THE CAPTURE OF FORT HENRY.

WE illustrate very fully in this number the capture of FORT HENRY, Tennessee, which took place on 6th inst. On this page we give a portrait of **COMMODORE FOOTE**, and a picture, from a sketch by our correspondent, Mr. Alexander Simplot, of the GUN-DECK OF ONE OF THE MISSISSIPPI GUN-BOATS; on page 120 we give a view of the GUN-BOATS STEAMING UP TO THE ATTACK; and on page 119 a MAP showing the position of Fort Henry, and its geographical relations to Columbus, Bowling Green, and other strategical points.

We take from the Cincinnati *Gazette* the following account of the action:

THE BATTLE.

Yesterday (6th), at half past 10 A.M., the gun-boats *Cincinnati*, *St. Louis*, *Carondelet*, and *Essex*, the *Tyler*, *Conestoga*, and *Lexington* bringing up the rear, advanced boldly against the rebel works, going to the right of Panther Creek Island, immediately above, where, on the east shore of the river, stands the fortification, and keeping out of range till at the head of the island, and within a mile of the enemy, passing the island in full view of the rebel guns. We steadily advanced, every man at quarters, every ear strained to catch the flag-officer's signal-gun for the commencement of the action. Our line of battle was on the left of the *St. Louis*, next the *Carondelet*, next the *Cincinnati* (for the time being the flag-ship, having on board Flag-officer Foote), and the next the *Essex*.

We advanced in line, the *Cincinnati* a boat's length ahead, when, at half past 11, the *Cincinnati* opened the ball, and immediately the three accompanying boats followed suit.

The enemy was not backward, and gave an admirable response, and the fight raged furiously for half an hour. We steadily advanced, receiving and returning the storms of shot and shell, when, getting within three hundred yards of the enemy's works, we came to a stand and poured into him right and left. In the mean time the *Essex* had been disabled, and drifted away from the scene of action, leaving the *Cincinnati*, *Carondelet*, and *St. Louis* alone engaged.

At precisely forty minutes past one o'clock the enemy struck his colors, and such cheering, such wild excitement as seized the throats, arms, or caps of the four or five hundred sailors of the gun-boats, can be imagined.

After the surrender, which was made to Flag-officer Foote by General Lloyd Tilghman, who defended his fort in a most determined manner, we found that the rebel infantry, encamped outside the fort, numbering four or five thousand, had cut and run, leaving the rebel artillery company in command of the fort.

The fort mounted seventeen guns, most of them thirty-two and thirty-four pounders, one being a magnificent ten-inch Columbiad. Our shots dismounted two of their guns, driving the enemy into the embrasures. One of their rifled thirty-two-pounders burst during the engagement, wounding some of their gunners. The rebels claimed to have but eleven effective guns, worked by fifty-four men—the number, all told, of our prisoners. They lost five killed, and ten badly wounded.

The infantry left every thing in their flight. A vast deal of plunder has fallen into our hands, including a large and valuable quantity of ordnance stores.

General Tilghman is disheartened. He thinks it one of the most damaging blows of the war. In surrendering to Flag-officer Foote, the rebel General remarked, "I am glad to surrender to so gallant an officer." Flag-officer Foote replied, "You do perfectly right, Sir, in surrendering, but you should have blown my boats out of the water before I would have surrendered to you."

In the engagement the *Cincinnati* was in the lead, and, flying the Flag-officer's pennant, was the chief mark. Flag-officer Foote and Captain Stembel crowded her defiantly into the teeth of the enemy's guns. She got thirty-one shots, some of them going completely through her. The *Essex* was badly crippled when about half through the fight, and crowding steadily against the enemy. A ball went into her side forward port, through her heavy bulkheads, and squarely through one of her boilers, the escaping steam scalding and killing several of the crew. Captain Porter, his aid, C. P. Britton, Jun., and Paymaster Lewis were standing in a direct line of the balls passing, Mr. Britton being in the centre of the group. A shot struck Mr. Britton on the top of his head, scattering his brains in every direction. The escaping steam went into the pilot-house, instantly killing Messrs. Ford and Bride, pilots. Many of the soldiers at the rush of steam jumped overboard and were drowned.

The *Cincinnati* had one killed and six wounded. The *Essex* had six seamen and two officers killed, seventeen men wounded, and five missing. There were no casualties on the *St. Louis* or *Carondelet*, though the shot and shell fell upon them like rain. The *St. Louis* was commanded by Leonard Paulding, who stood upon the gun-boat and worked the guns to the last.

Not a man flinched, and with cheer upon cheer sent the shot and shell among the enemy.

FORT HENRY.

The *Herald* says:

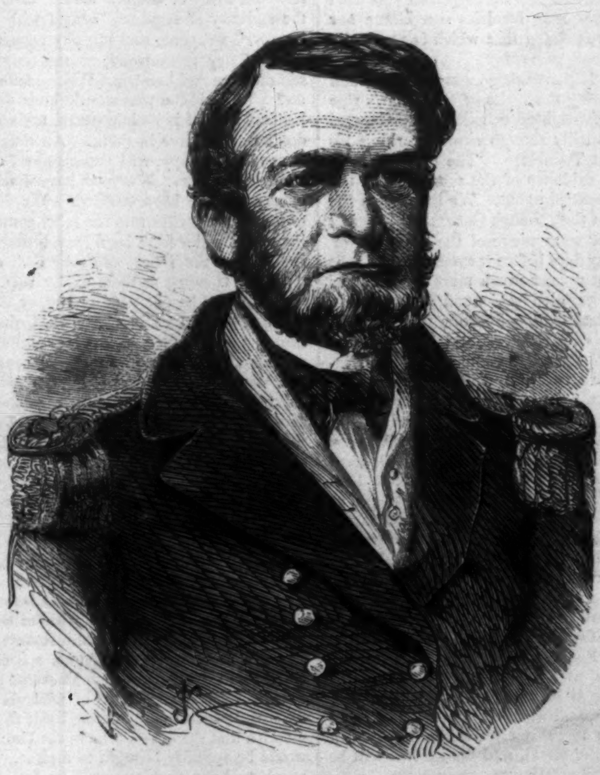
This fort, the only fortification on the Tennessee River of much importance, is situated near the line of Kentucky and Tennessee, on the east bank of the stream. It stands in the bottom, about the high-water-mark, just below the bend in the river, and at the head of a straight stretch of about two miles. It therefore commands the river for that distance down stream, and very little else. The land around it is a little higher than the fort, and a portion of it is covered with timber. The armament of the fort consists of eight 32-pounders, four 12-pounders, and two 6-pounders. The 32 and 12-pounders are heavy guns, and the 6-pounders light pieces. On the opposite side of the river are three hills, which completely command the fort. Recently some new fortifications were commenced on these hills, where it was intended to mount some very large guns and three rifled cannon.

The late rebel garrison was commanded by Brigadier-General Lloyd Tilghman. The troops consisted of the Fourth Mississippi Regiment, Seventh Mississippi Regiment, regiment Louisiana volunteers, First Kentucky volunteers, one regiment rebel cavalry.

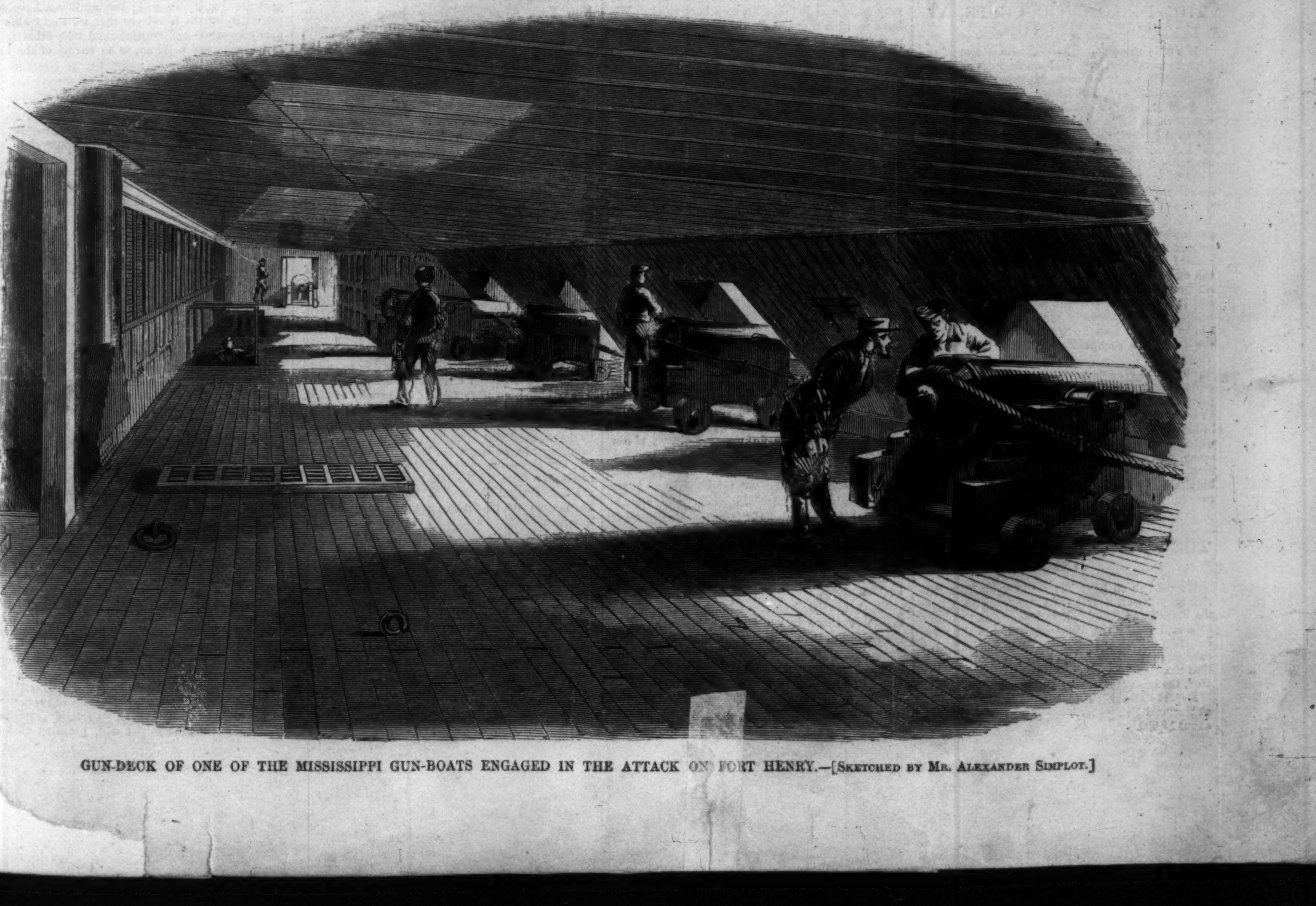
THE GUN-BOATS.

The following description of the gun-boats engaged will be found interesting:

The gun-boats *St. Louis*, *Essex*, and *Cincinnati* are about one hundred and seventy-five feet in length, fifty-one feet and a half in breadth, and draw five feet when loaded. The bows and bulwarks consist of about three feet of oak timber, bolted together, and sheathed with the best quality of wrought iron plates two and a half inches thick. The sides have the same sheathing, with less bulk of timber. The *St. Louis* and *Cincinnati* are pierced for thirteen guns each, the *Essex* for nine guns. The bow guns are heavy 84-pound rifled cannon; the others are 8-inch



COMMODORE FOOTE, U.S.N.
[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH FURNISHED BY MR. E. ANTHONY.]



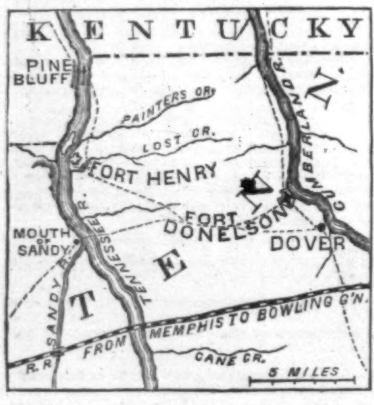
GUN-DECK OF ONE OF THE MISSISSIPPI GUN-BOATS ENGAGED IN THE ATTACK ON FORT HENRY.—[SKETCHED BY MR. ALEXANDER SIMPLOT.]

Columbiads. The sides of the boats, both above and below the knee, incline at an angle of forty-five degrees, and nothing but a plunging shot from a high bluff could strike the surface at right angles. The iron plating has been severely tested by shots from rifled cannon at different distances, and has shown itself to be utterly impervious to any shots that have been sent against it, even at a range of three hundred yards.

The boats, it will be perceived, are built very wide, in proportion to their length, giving them almost the same steadiness in action that a stationary land-battery would possess. They are constructed on the same principle as the famous iron battery at Charleston, the sides sloping upward and downward from the water line at an angle of forty-five degrees. The boats were built so that in action they could be kept "bow on," hence the superior strength of the bow battery. Broadsides were so arranged as to be delivered with terrible effect while shifting position. To facilitate movements in action, the engines and machinery are of the most powerful kind. The boilers are five in number, constructed to work in connection with or independent of each other. In case of damage done to any one or more of them, a valve was arranged to close the connection between the damaged and undamaged boilers, and the latter operate as if nothing had happened.

COMMODORE FOOTE.

Commodore Foote is a native of Connecticut, of which State he is a citizen, and from which State he was appointed to the navy of the United States. He is a son of Senator Foote, of Connecticut, to whom Daniel Webster replied, in the Senate, with one of his famous speeches. He entered the United States service on the 4th of December, 1822, and has consequently served the country nearly forty years. He steadily rose in his profession, and was made a commander on the 19th of December, 1852, under which commission he saw about two years and three months' sea-service. His total sea-service was nearly twenty years and a half, and he performed nearly eight years shore duty. He was unemployed for over ten years, and was last at sea in June, 1858. At the breaking out of the present troubles he was in command of the Navy-Yard at Brooklyn, and shortly after the commencement of hostilities was promoted to a captaincy, with the charge of the Western or Mississippi flotilla, of which he is the commodore or flag-officer. While engaged in his duties he is reported as having worked night and day with a zeal and energy that are worthy of emulation in both branches of the service, and has accomplished an almost herculean task. Being dependent upon the Navy Department for men and a portion of his equipment, and compelled to call upon the War Department for other things equally necessary to the success of his mission in the inland waters, and apparently an object of jealousy and a subject of neglect from both, he has quietly worked through all obstacles, and is about prepared to undertake the opening up of the Mississippi River from Cairo to New Orleans. He is a quiet, gray-haired veteran, and, although holding a rank equal to major-general of the land forces, attained by a life's service on the broad seas under the old flag, has been quietly and unostentatiously serving his country at the junction of the Ohio and the Mississippi. His present expedition has been carried out with spirit and energy, and the result is gratifying to the nation.



The above MAP shows the position of FORT HENRY, FORT DONELSON, and the MEMPHIS AND OHIO RAILROAD.

THE DIPLOMATIC CORPS AT WASHINGTON.

WE publish on page 116 Portraits of four of the leading members of the diplomatic corps at Washington, viz.: LORD LYONS, MONSIEUR MERCIER, BARON STOECKEL, and BARON VON GEROLT.

Lord LYONS, British Minister to Washington, was born in England in 1817. He is the son of Admiral Lyons, who commanded the British fleet in the Black Sea during the Crimean War, and was created a Baron as a reward for his public services. Lord Lyons entered into the diplomatic service at an early age, and won the esteem of the chiefs of parties in England. He succeeded Lord Napier at Washington about three years ago. Here he was generally popular until the letters of Dr. Russell appeared; these communications to the *Times* have seemed to connect Lord Lyons in some degree with the secessionist party, of which Dr. Russell is an ally, and the minister's reputation has suffered in consequence. Lord Lyons is, however, a genial companion, and a man of fine talents. He has recently received from his Government the order of the Bath as a recognition of his services in the *Trent* affair.

The other Ministers—M. MERCIER, who represents France; Baron STOECKEL, who represents Russia; and Baron VON GEROLT, who represents Prussia, have not as yet filled any prominent place in history. At Washington they are popular, and widely known. Baron STOECKEL has lived here many years, first as Secretary of Legation, and next as Minister. M. MERCIER is famous for his hospitalities; his dinners are the best in Washington, and he is not sparing of them.

THE NATIONAL BRIDGE, MEXICO.

WE publish on page 124 a VIEW OF THE NATIONAL BRIDGE near Vera Cruz, Mexico, where the French and Spanish invaders are said to have been repulsed by the Mexicans. Up to the present time our details of the fight are brief. We only know that the battle lasted five hours, and that the Mexicans maintained their position. If true, the news is of great importance.

Report states that the Mexicans have 50,000 men at National Bridge, whereas the Allies have only about 15,000.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1862.

SLOW AND SURE.

WE publish on page 121 an illustration which is the best possible answer to those critics, domestic and foreign, who complain that we are making no headway in the work of suppressing the rebellion. Both in Virginia and in Kentucky the roads are lakes of liquid mud, into which pedestrians sink nearly to the knees, and through which it would be impossible to move artillery or commissariat wagons. At the hour we write, General M'Clellan on the Potomac, General Thomas on the Cumberland, and General Buell on Green River are stuck fast in the mud, and if the lives of every man of their commands depended upon it they could not move. This will not last long, of course. Ten days of dry weather would enable forward movements to be made along the whole line. And in any event, the roads will become practicable in March. But at present no person possessed of ordinary reasoning faculties can blame our generals for not doing that which is physically impossible.

Even as it is the work goes steadily on, and we are witnessing the fruits of M'Clellan's ripe strategy and far-sighted calculations. General Thomas is steadily though slowly working his way into East Tennessee. The battle of Mill Spring is an evidence of the soundness of the strategy he is carrying out. We learn from the rebel accounts that, though Generals Crittenden and Zollicoffer were aware of the approach of our army many days before it came within reach, they could not muster much more than half as many men as were led by General Thomas; and though they had chosen a strong position, and fortified it, his approach was so well planned that they were forced to come out of their intrenchments to attack him, with hardly any prospect of success. So in West Tennessee. The rebels had ample notice of our intended attack, and General Beauregard, with 15,000 men, was detached from Manassas to strengthen General Polk. A day or two before the attack on Fort Henry an organ of the rebel Government at Richmond announced that "the Confederates" were in full force on the Tennessee River, and that nothing could possibly be achieved by the United States troops. Yet a bombardment of an hour and a half by three or four gun-boats settled the matter, and the "Confederates," who were in such force, were not to be found when Commodore Foote landed. Similar fortune will doubtless attend General Burnside. He will encounter at Roanoke Island, at Newbern, at Fort Macon, and wherever else he may go on the Sounds, a force vastly inferior to his own both in men and metal, and his success will be merely a question of hours.

These operations afford the key to General M'Clellan's plan. It is "slow and sure." It is not swift enough to satisfy the idle gossips who indulge in tea-table strategy. But it is very sure, and it takes no step backward. We have no idea that the future will differ from the past in regard to the movements of the campaign. Events will doubtless seem to succeed each other with painful slowness. But every week will witness some substantial progress, and no day will be marked by defeat or retreat. Whatever is done will be thoroughly done. Wherever the rebels are met, they will be met by a superior force to theirs, armed with superior weapons. Wherever a battle takes place the odds will be enormously in our favor, as at Mill Spring. As soon as the roads enable our armies to move, they will be set in motion; but they will not move precipitately, and nothing will be left to chance. Careful and thorough reconnoissances will precede every operation, and young soldiers will be disgusted at the want of dash displayed by our commanders.

Why should it be otherwise? It is possible to render the triumph of the Government mathematically certain: why risk any thing? Why go and knock our heads against Columbus, if a few strategic movements can compel the garrison to capitulate without firing a shot? Why disturb the rebels at Manassas, if Burnside and Thomas can catch them there as in a trap, and force them to scatter or sue for terms of surrender? If we were fighting for glory; if our generals, like some chiefs renowned in history, had no higher aim than their own personal fame as soldiers, then we might offer to meet the rebels in some fair field, with equal or nearly equal force, and fight it out. But glory is the last thing that can be won in civil war; and as to General M'Clellan, he is too good a citizen to wish to see bloody and doubtful battle-fields when his purposes can be accomplished without them.

That there will be some hard fighting yet in this war there is no reason to doubt. Too many rebels are fighting with halters round their necks to justify hopes of a general bloodless submission. But it must be evident to every careful student of the history of the day, and especially of the rebel accounts of events, that the rebel cause is becoming desperate. That fiery enthusiasm with which the South commenced the struggle, and which induced so many travelers to give the North credit for less spirit than its enemy, is evidently subsiding; drafting—which has been tried, it is said unsuccessfully, in Tennessee—is to become general on 1st March. The men of the twelve-months' rebel regiments decline to re-enlist, and the whole army seems to be falling to pieces. New Orleans declares that if Columbus falls—and how can it help falling?—the whole Mississippi will follow. Savannah editors try to cheer up their readers by assuring them that there is no *immediate* danger in the city—as though we intended to go there at all after securing Fort Pulaski. The official papers at Richmond admit the impossibility of defending the sea-board. The cotton loan is an acknowledged failure, and even at Richmond people refuse the shinplasters which are the only currency. It is admitted by the rebel papers that the severing of their lines at Greenville and on the Tennessee River will deal a fatal blow at their cause; and yet they do not affect to believe that it can be prevented. Howell Cobb and his colleagues warn their people that we are going to swoop down upon the South in the spring with an irresistible army of 600,000 men, "disciplined to the stolidity of regulars," armed with the most improved weapons, and morally certain of success. They recommend, as the only remedy, self-sacrifice and heroism. What good will these do? What if the planters do burn down their houses? That is their concern, not ours. We don't want to live in them. All that we want is to seize, occupy, and possess our FORTS and CUSTOM-HOUSES. When we have done this our office will have been fulfilled. We don't want to march six inches into the rebel country, after the rebel armies have been once beaten. As to submitting, the rebels can take their own time for this. It concerns them exclusively. If they would like to be one year, or two, or three without representatives in Congress, United States courts, postal service, intercourse with the world, manufactured goods, and markets for their produce, we shall not object. No law of Congress obliges constituencies to elect members, or citizens to trade with the rest of the country. If the rebels can afford to dispense with law, order, and commerce, it will not lie in our mouth to complain.

The apprehensions of foreign intervention, to which we referred last week, were revived a day or two since, first by an alarming letter from Mr. Thurlow Weed, and subsequently by dispatches from the reporter of the Associated Press, asserting that Napoleon was about to interfere and raise the blockade, with or without the assistance of England. Those false reports are happily set at rest by Napoleon's speech to the Chambers on 27th, in which he stated positively that, so long as the rights of neutrals were respected, France would confine itself to the earnest wish that the dissensions in the United States would be speedily brought to a close. Is it too much to hope that our gullible fellow-citizens will be on their guard hereafter against the monstrous lies of the British newspapers? These foreign writers, and among them we must, we fear, class the European correspondent of the New York Associated Press, have deliberately and systematically misrepresented European, and especially French sentiment ever since the war broke out: seeming to labor, if not in reality laboring, in the interest and for the comfort of the Southern rebels. They have been convicted of falsehood as often as Dr. Russell has been convicted of blundering. Yet every fresh *canard* which they choose to publish sends a thrill through the nerves of our people. When shall we begin to understand them?

THE LOUNGER.

GORDON.

THE United States are about giving solemn proof that they are in earnest. When our fathers formed the government they debated long and earnestly, as became men who were founding a government upon equal human rights, the iniquity of the slave-trade. For reasons sufficient to them they tolerated it for twenty years. At the end of that time the trade was prohibited, and it was presently pronounced a capital crime by the national law. The law has been outraged, and the penalty evaded. We have been on the verge of conflict with other powers to sustain the rights of our flag, prostituted to the meanest and most revolting purposes. Administered in the interest of injustice and inhumanity, our Government has connived at the outrage of its own laws, until a late prosecuting officer of the Government declared in the national court of our largest port that it was not to be supposed that any man would be convicted of that crime, and insinuated that he ought not to be. So utter was the demoralization of the Government.

That demoralization has naturally resulted in an effort to destroy the Government, when it passed from the control of those who forgot that it was established "to secure justice," and who meant that it should perpetuate injustice. Those into whose hands it had passed by the will of the people were in every way, by the most solemn profound conviction, and the most solemn pledge, held to a vindication of the fundamental principle of that Government by every lawful means. It chanced that the law so long and so ruthlessly violated in a series of crimes of blood and suffering such as the mind hates to contemplate, at length was to be tested by the conviction of a slave trader. He was a young man, but old in this sin It was his fourth voyage. He knew the utter horror of the traffic. He knew the crime and the penalty. But he knew also that its interest had controlled the Government, and that money, influence, and all persuasions would be lavished for him if by chance he were caught and convicted. But he was caught. The withering mass of testimony established his crime beyond question. Neither he, nor his counsel, nor his friends seriously denied the fact. The verdict was speedy. The sentence followed.

Then came the strenuous play of every influence to secure a pardon or a commutation. The law was clear. It was one of the most important and solemn of all laws. The case was established beyond cavil. But it was pleaded that the law had been virtually obsolete, and that no man had ever suffered. In the courts the law may have been obsolete. In the Government its letter was violated and its spirit renounced. But it was never obsolete in the hearts of the American people, and its spirit had been amply vindicated in the last general election. The enemies of that law, holding that slavery was true philanthropy, and that all the shuddering horrors of the slave-trade and the mid-passage were Christian processes, are engaged in a war upon this Government. They have announced to all the world that slavery is their corner-stone. They have declared that the anti-slavery sentiment of the North is an affectation and a political cry for power. All other nations are at this moment in doubt whether there is really any more love of liberty and human rights at the North than at the South. And if the majesty of the law, which at this moment has a pregnant significance which it never had before, should be brought into contempt—if the first administration of the Government, confessedly called to power for its attitude of resistance to the overwhelming tyranny of slavery, should fail to execute the penalty of a test law in regard to its own character and sincerity, the world might justly despise a Government that was still ruled by its deadliest enemies.

If there were the least shadow of doubt of the guilt of the offender—if it were even his first offense—if there were any solitary mitigating circumstance—if it were any thing else than a terrible, revolting, and inhuman massacre of innocent and defenseless people, and the hopeless enslavement of those who unhappily escaped murder—it might be urged that this criminal should be leniently considered. But all the recent murderers executed in this city are tyros and amateurs compared with this offender. It is sad enough to seem to cry for the blood of a fellow-man. It is not that: it is only the demand in the name of Justice and Humanity—in the name of the nation quivering with the blows of which this crime is the minister—in the name of our brothers who stood with their lives a ready sacrifice, that the very foundations of law, of society, and of the national welfare, shall not be shaken by interfering with the course of Justice, however solemn and tragical that course may be.

If it be right to respite the offender, it is wrong for this Congress to allow the law to remain a day longer upon the Statute Book. If the law be profoundly just and essential, shall the fact that it has been weaker hitherto than the crime it denounces shield an offender in this extreme moment from the penalty which he has consciously and constantly defied? If he, under all the circumstances of the time, should escape, the Administration would have proclaimed the immunity of capital crime, and have betrayed the Government and the country. Repeal the law, if you will; but until you have repealed it, let the world see that we MEAN that a man who steals and murders and sells other men and women and children, is an enemy of the human race.

CHOOSING YOUR COMPANY.

IT appears that the Chamberlain of the French Emperor lately asked of Mr. Dayton the "quality" of the persons whom our Minister proposed to introduce at Court. The reply was, that they were all persons eligible for presentation to the President. No response was received; or the response came at so late an hour that only a few of the persons were presented.

This has seemed, to many persons, a peculiar incivility at this time upon the part of the French Court. But the explanation is very simple. A great many improper women had been smuggled into the presentations, and the Emperor was determined to put an end to it. It may be difficult to exclude such persons from a *levée* at the White House—but the Tuileries is a different place. A royal reception is a favor. It is a social honor, and the receiver may confer it upon whom he will, and upon what conditions he chooses. Mr. Marcy said in his famous circular, that it was advisable the American representatives should not wear lace and other adornments, but black coats and trowsers. We could be very democratic in our clothes and manners in the good old times, a few years since, when it was extremely difficult to detect any democracy in our feelings and actions. To Mr. Marcy's circular, and to Mr. Sanford, then our Secretary at Paris, now our minister at Brussels, who practiced its precepts, the Court said: "You are not wanted in a black coat."

It was perfectly clear that if a man wished to go to royal parties he must conform to royal etiquette. If his principles forbade, he could stay at home.

It happens to be imperial etiquette now not to receive what are called "questionable characters" and "improper persons." Yankee Doodle may insist that the Princess Mathilde is a personage of a very distinct notoriety, and that the lady on his arm may be more frank, but is no more "improper" than a great many ladies who lean upon the imperial arm. But the chamberlain will doubtless inform him that the question is one of ceremony, and that such are the orders. Certainly, my dear Yankee Doodle, he might add, granting that a great many naughty people are inside, it is something to stop somewhere and to keep some out, and your style of impropriety is not so agreeable as some other styles.

We can hardly make a *casus belli* of the Emperor's choosing his company, nor can we criticise it as unkind, or impolite, or strange. Every respectable citizen of the United States he will willingly receive. And what right has a man to try to present in society abroad a person whom he would not introduce into his mother's drawing-room?

QUARRELS IN OUR OWN CAMP.

THE most unpleasant and discouraging sign in Washington is the asperity of feeling and expression among those who should be friends. A quiet spectator of events and persons in the capital finds himself asking whether gentlemen are not much more bent upon their own way of success than upon success itself. A member rises to speak, and he addresses himself to the horizon beyond which dwell his constituents, and where the public opinion is to be affected, which is most essential to himself; but he entirely overlooks the men around him with whom he is to act.

Take the splitting-point of the Congressional debates as an illustration, the treatment of the system of slavery. Upon the abstract question of its character, and upon its precise relation to the origin of the rebellion, Mr. Lovejoy, Mr. Diven, and Mr. Mallory, for instance, will hardly agree. Upon the constitutional question of emancipation they will certainly differ. But assuming them to be in good faith devoted to the permanence of the Government, they can as certainly agree that nothing shall stand between it and absolute victory.

If Mr. Lovejoy frankly and fairly concedes that the liberty of the press may be restricted and the writ of habeas corpus arbitrarily suspended in the hot whirl of civil war, to the end that the liberty of the nation, which is the permanent guarantee of all constitutional rights, may be preserved—certainly Mr. Mallory can not insist that a rebel shall enjoy the service of his slaves, which is a direct practical aid to rebellion, nor can Mr. Diven claim that nothing shall be done to destroy that assistance until after the rebellion, of which it is a vital prop, is suppressed.

The whole question now is, in a sense, military not moral. Mr. Lovejoy may rejoice that by means of lawful military measures slaves shall be freed. Mr. Mallory may regret that the maintenance of the Government requires the rupture of what he considers a desirable relation between slaves and masters. Mr. Diven may be sorry that the question could not be left to be solved under the normal operation of the Government. But they must all, of necessity, defer their private and special views of the question and its solution to the paramount, pressing, imperial exigency of the country.

In like manner Mr. Garrett Davis, who loves his country and desires its salvation as sincerely as a man can, might have spared men who deeply sympathize with him the pain of hearing him call other men who love their country quite as much as he, but who also hate slavery, inhuman monsters. He would think himself hardly used if Mr. Sumner should call him by the same name. And yet Mr. Davis forces upon every intelligent mind a bitter question—if a man is a monster because he hates slavery, what is a man who does not? He may think it a difficult, a complicated question, when it is inwrought in a system of society, in long habit, and profound sophistication. But to defend it abstractly, what shall be said of a Senator who does that when the flag of a bloody rebellion to extend it is almost visible from the Senate chamber?

It would surely be very ungracious and untimely to press such questions now. While a formidable armed insurrection threatens us, have we the time and the force to be struggling among ourselves? cherishing prejudices and fostering misunderstandings. No sane man supposes that slavery can survive the war. Mr. Diven himself declares that it must not stand in the way of our conquest, and that he does not care if nothing of it is left. The practical question, therefore, is not whether slavery is right or wrong, but what shall be done with the negroes freed by the advance of our armies? And that is a question which the Government can not long postpone.

THINGS SETTLING THEMSELVES.

IT is a favorite philosophy of some people that things will take care of themselves; that events are wiser than men; and that Providence is sure to have its way. All this kind of remark is merely the way in which selfishness states the Mohammedan creed of pure fatalism. "I will never consent," said Mr. Webster in 1850, "to re-enact the law of God." "I trust," said Mr. Seward, "that no laws will ever be passed in this chamber that do not re-enact the law of God." And there was all the difference between an old and a new era in the two statements.

What we call "things," when we say that they take care of themselves, is merely the course of human action. The "logic of events" is simply the rational sequence of intelligent action. Did our independence take care of itself? Did Magna Charta take care of itself? Did the Reformation of Luther take care of itself? If Luther had said: "Oh! don't trouble yourself to support me or my doctrines—this thing will take care of itself," he would have uttered both a truism and an absurdity. For clearly, in the world which God governs, nothing happens which He does not will, for Satan can never circumvent him. But, on the other hand, it is a part of the method of His government that men should struggle to establish what they believe. Trust in God and keep your powder dry, are essential parts of the same wise advice. A man who truly trusts in God understands that God works by means, and that powder is sometimes one of them.

Thus it is that nothing is settled except by settling it. A ship comes to no port if she be not steered. Ships do not steer themselves, and winds are not wiser than men. Winds are but means which human wisdom may control, or which, uncontrolled, will be stronger than human folly. No question of this war or of any other will settle itself, any more than the guns will load and fire themselves. Every point has to be seriously met and considered. Would the money question settle itself? Would the question of health and discipline settle itself? Would the Quarter-master's department settle itself? If no food were provided the soldiers would certainly beg, borrow, or steal something to eat. But that is not the settlement intended.

So we have to regard the condition and future of the slaves who fall within our control. The problem is not to be solved by the whim of this General, and the prejudice of that. There can not be thousands, and presently millions of people who have no recognized status, hanging around and within the lines of the army. That is not a question which will settle itself, except most disastrously for all concerned. If the slaves of rebels are to be actually released, it is of the utmost importance that every body know it, and that the Government deal directly and intelligibly with the facts. If they are to be retained as property and restored, equally there is a paramount necessity of knowing that, and of establishing the proper methods. There is plenty of mud in the field, and it would be terrible to have all our ideas, intentions, and methods stuck in the mud. Granting, for instance (which it is ludicrous to suppose, in view of the Declaration of Independence), that proclamations are only waste paper, and that you can do nothing in this matter until our lines advance, now that our lines have advanced, and we have thousands of cases to treat, what is to be the treatment?

"THEY SAY."

THE English papers, under the guidance of Mr. Russell, the *Times* correspondent, are very fond of saying that the United States Government is a Government of newspapers. This is not true as he states it, and as he would have it believed—namely, as a terrorism, or threat of imminent popular violence. But it is true as meaning that in this country, more than in any other, a public man may gather from the papers the temper of public opinion upon any question; and as ours is a Government of public opinion, he will be very apt to give to the voice of the newspapers a grave importance.

Thus, last summer, the cry of "On to Richmond!" was not merely the motto of a paper, it was the cry of a very general popular impatience. And it will hardly be denied that it had influence in the resolution to advance. But obviously a newspaper may insist upon an individual conviction or policy until by mere force of iteration it may seem to be the feeling or desire of others—and so far appear to be public opinion.

And just here lies the great responsibility of a newspaper. For he only is an honorable editor who takes care that all that is said in his columns about persons or things shall be as true or as probable as circumstances allow him to determine. Whims, and whiffs of rumors, which are always defiling the air, he will carefully exclude. For instance, because Mrs. Lincoln is a Kentucky woman, he will not assume that any mere report affecting her loyalty, which might be whispered in Washington or elsewhere, is worthy of repetition. Nor because somebody told somebody who gave somebody the wink that the President daily goes down cellar and lashes fugitive slaves with his own hands, will a fair editor call it "news," and print it. Nor will he afterward, when he is called upon to explain, say that the story came in the same way that other news came, and how can he discriminate? If he can not discriminate, he is not fit to be an editor.

The only way of peace and justice is resolutely to disbelieve injurious reports until they have some better foundation than print.

THE NUTT.

WE have had the Prestidigitateur and the Zampillaeronaut, and now we have simply and concisely the Nutt. At last General Tom Thumb is outgeneraled. He is beaten by a smaller man. The glory rests with the Navy, at Barnum's Museum. And Barnum himself has vindicated his fame as still the greatest showman of the age. It is not a Nutt hard to crack, but it is one well worth seeing. In fact, the Museum is full of interest. There can be no more gratifying gift to any intelligent child than a ticket to the Nutt and the Hippopotamus; and every such child must of course be accompanied by an intelligent elder, who can seize the opportunity to see the wonders of the land and sea, which are collected by Barnum. His Museum is *not* a humbug.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

LEARNING FRENCH.—A young lady studying French, and finding that "*belle*" meant "fine," told somebody in a letter that we had a great deal of *belle*-weather lately.

What is the connecting link between *Secessionism* and *ruin?*—DAVIS' STRAITS.

"Oh, pray let me have my own way this time," said a young officer in one of our Irish volunteer regiments about going South, as he attempted to force a kiss from his dear Biddy. "Well, Willie, I suppose I must this once; but you know that after your return and we are married, I shall have a Will of my own."

"Did your fall hurt you?" said one Patlander to another, who had fallen from the top of a two-story house. "Not in the least, honey; 'twas stoppin' so quick that hurt me."

"I am afraid, Sir, you are in a settled melancholy." "No, Madame, my melancholy won't settle; it has too much *grounds*."

Dear old Mrs. Crakker says that if woman had not caused man to commit his first sin in eating, no doubt he would very soon have sinned of his own accord in drinking.

A VERY PARTICULAR YOUNG MAN.—Old Mrs. Harris was never regarded as a paragon of neatness; and if "cleanliness is next to godliness," it is to be feared that the old lady never attained to the latter state. Not only was she any thing but neat herself, but showed a contempt for it in others. Speaking of neat people, one day, she remarked that her son Josiah was one of the most particular men in the world. "Why," said she, "he threw away a whole cup of coffee, the other morning, because it had a black-beetle in it."

The preacher who spends his nights in writing dull sermons stays awake to put his hearers to sleep.

Charles Lamb once said to a brother whist-player, Martin Burney, whose hands were none of the cleanest, "Martin, if dirt were trumps, what a hand you'd have!"

He who is false to present duty breaks a thread in the loom, and will find the flaw when he may have forgotten its cause.

A LEGAL FABLE.—Two weasels found an egg. "Let us not fight about it," said the elder weasel, "but enter into partnership." "Very good," said weasel the younger. So taking the egg between them, each sucked the either end. "My children," said Redtapes, the attorney, "though you have but one client between you, make the best of him."

A hen-fancier lately procured a picture of a favorite fowl, which was so natural that it laid on his table for several weeks.

A man of fast habits is a man of lax morals; he plays the game of fast and loose.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

ON Tuesday, February 4, in the Senate, Senator Sumner, chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, reported a bill authorizing the appointment of diplomatic representatives to the republics of Liberia and Hayti. The resolution relative to the command of the Department of Kansas, and calling on the Secretary of War for the orders and directions in regard to supplies for that command, and whether it is to be commanded by General Lane, and whether the orders have been changed since General Lane left, and whether the order of General Hunter is according to the orders of the War Department, was taken up. Senator Pomeroy said the resolution was offered in accordance with a suggestion from the Secretary of War, whereupon it was adopted. The bill providing for the construction of twenty iron-clad steamers for the coast-defense was discussed, and recommitted to the Committee on Naval Affairs. The debate on the resolution relative to the expulsion of Senator Bright was then resumed, Senators Browning, Dixon, Doolittle, Willey, Davis, Sumner, and others participating in the discussion.——In the House, the debate on the Treasury Note bill was continued by Messrs. Morrill, of Vermont, and Roscoe L. Conkling, of New York, in opposition to the clause making the Government paper a legal tender.

On Wednesday, February 5, in the Senate, the West Point Academy Appropriation bill was passed without amendment. A resolution calling on the President for the recent correspondence regarding the presentation of American citizens at the Court of France was adopted. The bill defining the pay and emoluments of officers of the army was taken up, and the amendments of the Military Committee adopted. After some debate by Senator Sherman the bill was laid aside, and the consideration of the resolution relative to the expulsion of Senator Bright was resumed. After debate, and a speech by Senator Bright in his defense, the resolution of expulsion was adopted by a vote of thirty-two to fourteen.——The House was occupied in discussing the Treasury Note bill.

On Thursday, February 6, in the Senate, Senator Harris presented a petition for the abrogation of the Reciprocity treaty between Canada and the United States. A bill allowing the Corporation of Washington to issue small notes was introduced and referred. The bill defining the pay and emoluments of army officers was taken up. Senator Sherman offered an amendment reducing all salaries, mileage fees, and contingent expenses, which, after considerable discussion on the questions of taxation, expenditures, and retrenchment, was adopted. Senator Doolittle offered an amendment reducing the mileage of members of Congress fifty per cent., which was agreed to—yeas 29, nays 10. Senator Howe moved to strike out the ninth section, which reduces the pay of the soldiers and sailors. This was defeated, only two Senators voting in the affirmative. Senator Howe then moved to recommit the bill, and pending the question the Senate went into executive session.——In the House, the debate on the Treasury Note bill was resumed and concluded, and the bill, with the legal tender clause retained, was passed by a vote of ninety-three to fifty-four.

On Friday, February 7, in the Senate, the bill appropriating ten millions of dollars for the construction of twenty iron-clad gun-boats was passed. The Treasury Note bill was received from the House, and referred to the Finance Committee. The bill authorizing an additional issue of ten million dollars of demand notes was passed. The Civil Appropriation bill was passed. A report of the Naval Committee, with reference to Mr. Morgan's purchase of vessels for the navy, and censuring the Secretary of the Navy for his action in the matter, was discussed. Senator Wilson moved, as a substitute for the report, the declaration "that the employment of an agent to make purchases for the Government, whose compensation depends upon commissions on purchases, is unwise, inexpedient, and never to be resorted to except in cases of imperious necessity." Pending this motion the subject was laid over. A joint resolution, giving the thanks of Congress to Captain Dupont and his officers and seamen for the victory at Port Royal, was adopted. The Judiciary Committee reported that Senator Starke, the Senator from Oregon, whose loyalty has been questioned, was entitled to take the constitutional oath. A minority report was, however, presented, and the papers were ordered to be printed.——In the House, the Treasury Note bill was, by consent, amended so as to allow the Treasury Department, at its option, to pay the interest on Government bonds in coin or paper. The report of the Committee on Government Contracts was taken up and discussed. At the conclusion of the debate Mr. Holman, of Indiana, offered a resolution censuring Mr. Cameron, the late Secretary of War, and Mr. Welles, the present Secretary of the Navy, for their action in employing Alexander Cummings and George D. Morgan; but without coming to a vote the subject was postponed. The report of the Conference Committee on the bill providing for the completion of the defenses of Washington, and the employment of Home Guards in Missouri and Maryland, was agreed to. Several private bills were passed. Both Houses adjourned till Monday.

On Monday, February 10, in the Senate, the resolutions of the Legislature of New York in favor of allowing each State to assess and collect its portion of the national tax were presented. The bill to incorporate the Georgetown and Washington Railroad Company was taken up. The bill was amended so as to give three per cent. of the receipts of the road for the support of public schools, and then passed. The report of the Conference Committee authorizing Home Guards in Missouri and Maryland was agreed to, and the bill passed. The resolution directing the Finance Committee to inquire into the expediency of establishing a national savings institution and Government fiscal agency was taken up. Senator Simmons proceeded to explain the objects of the scheme, but gave way for an executive session, during which a number of military and civil appointments were taken up and confirmed.——In the House, the Senate bill authorizing the issue of ten millions of dollars of demand Treasury notes was passed unanimously. Mr. Crittenden, by unanimous consent, presented a petition from Philadelphia, signed by the first men of that city, proposing that on the 22d of February Washington's Farewell Address be read in one of the Houses of Congress, by the President of the Senate or Speaker of the House. An amendment, that the Declaration of Independence, and Secretary Stanton's order to the army after the victory at Mill Springs, be read at the same time, was agreed to, and the resolution adopted. The Senate resolution authorizing the detail of three naval officers to inspect transports in the service of the War Department was adopted.

COMPLETE SUCCESS OF THE BURNSIDE EXPEDITION.

By a flag of truce from Norfolk on 11th we learn the complete success of the Burnside expedition at Roanoke Island.

The island was taken possession of, and Commodore Lynch's fleet completely destroyed.

The first news of the defeat arrived at Norfolk on Sunday afternoon, and caused great excitement. The previous news was very satisfactory, stating that the Yankees had been allowed to advance for the purpose of driving them into a trap.

The rebel force on the island is supposed to have been a little over three thousand efficient fighting men.

General Wise was ill at Nag's Head, and was not present during the engagement. When the situation became dangerous he was removed to Norfolk.

All the gun-boats but one were taken, and that escaped up a creek, and was probably also destroyed.

Elizabeth City was attacked on the 9th. The citizens, finding resistance vain, evacuated the place, but before doing so set fire to the town, and when our informant left it was still in flames.

One report says that only seventy, and another that only twenty-five of the Confederates escaped from the island.

General Huger telegraphed to Richmond that only fifty on the island escaped.

There appears to be no bright side of the story for the rebels.

The following dispatch is taken from a Richmond paper of 11th:

NORFOLK, *February* 10, 1862.

The latest news states that Captain O. Jennings Wise, son of Governor Wise, was shot through the hip and disabled, though his wound was not mortal. Major Lawson and Lieutenant Miller were mortally wounded. About three hundred Confederates were killed. Our wounded numbers over one thousand. The number of Yankees wounded is about the same. Midshipman Cann has had an arm shot off. The other casualties are as yet unreported.

ARREST OF GENERAL STONE.

Brigadier-General Stone was arrested in Washington on Sunday morning, 9th, at 2 o'clock by a posse of the Provost Marshal's force, and sent to Fort Lafayette, where he arrived on 10th. The charges against General Stone appear to be of a very serious character. They are embodied in the following summary: First, for misbehavior at the battle of Ball's Bluff; second, for holding correspondence with the enemy before and since the battle of Ball's Bluff, and receiving visits from rebel officers in his camp; third, for treacherously suffering the enemy to build a fort or strong work since the battle of Ball's Bluff, under his guns without molestation; fourth, for a treacherous design to expose his force to capture and destruction by the enemy, under pretense of orders for a movement from the Commanding General which had not been given.

THE VICTORY AT FORT HENRY.

General Halleck announced the victory at Fort Henry in a brief and graphic dispatch, in these words:

Fort Henry is ours! The flag of the Union is re-established on the soil of Tennessee. It will never be removed.

By command of Major-General HALLECK.

THE MEMPHIS AND OHIO RAILROAD CUT.

The capture of the bridge on the Ohio and Memphis Railroad by our troops, after the surrender of Fort Henry, is announced by a dispatch received at head-quarters from General Halleck, stating that our troops had immediately proceeded up the river in the direction of the bridge, sixteen miles distant from Fort Henry, and demolished all the batteries of the rebels in their route.

INVASION OF EAST TENNESSEE.

It appears that General Thomas is about to invade East Tennessee at three different points simultaneously. General Carter is to go through Cumberland Gap, General Schoepff is to advance by the central route, and General Thomas, with M'Cooke's and Manson's brigades, will cross at Mill Springs, the scene of the late victory. They will immediately march on Knoxville, and, if successful, will take possession of the railroad, thus cutting off communication between the rebel army in the West and the seat of the rebel Government at Richmond.

THE BUTLER EXPEDITION.

Great activity prevailed last week at Boston in getting off the Butler expedition. The vessels, loaded with troops and stores, consist of the ships *Undaunted*, *North American*, *Idaho*, *Ocean Pearl*, *Wilder Farley*, and *Western Empire;* also some steamers. The Maine Fourteenth regiment, First Maine battery, Second Vermont battery, and Fourth Massachusetts battery, of the New England division, were embarked and sailed last week. The entire division will consist of about ten thousand men.

AFFAIRS IN MISSOURI.

Our news from Missouri is most favorable. The rebel General Price, now near Springfield, is said to have harangued his troops, stating that they were surrounded, and should decide either to surrender or fight. They resolved to fight. Our Generals are pressing forward with great rapidity. Siegel and Asboth's divisions have reached Lebanon, while Major Wright's cavalry have advanced thirteen miles west of that point. The brigade of General Davis was reported to be crossing the Osage River on Wednesday, and the advanced-guard was expected to join Generals Siegel and Asboth at Lebanon on the following day. Price may thus feel that his position is a critical one.

OUR ARMY AT CAIRO.

There are now not less than thirty-five thousand troops at Cairo, and preparations are actively going on for the great Mississippi expedition. Some delay has been occasioned by the want of men for the gun-boats; but they have recently been filling up very fast with sailors from Chicago.

REBELS BACKING OUT.

The Virginia correspondent of the Charleston *Courier* says "that out of the Fifth South Carolina Regiment, numbering eight hundred men, whose term of service is about expiring, but one hundred and seventy have signified their willingness to enlist 'for the war.'"

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE "NASHVILLE" AND "TUSCARORA."

AT latest dates the *Nashville* was still at Southampton, but it was rumored that she was ordered to quit that port. Commander Craven, of the *Tuscarora*, had been accused of anchoring his vessel off Osborne in "discourtesy" to the Queen. The gallant officer had denied the charge in a public letter.

MASON AND SLIDELL IN ENGLAND.

The *Jura* brings intelligence of the arrival of Mason and Slidell at Southampton. No enthusiasm was manifested on their arrival. Slidell left immediately for Paris.

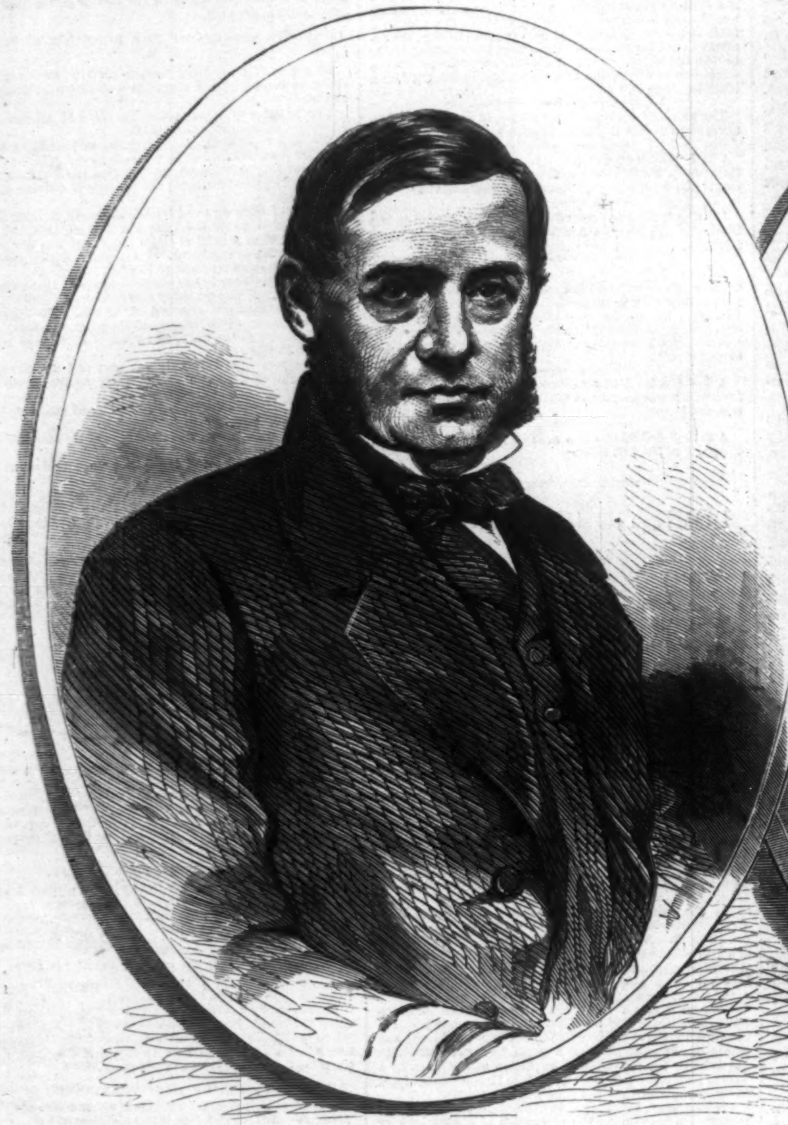
SHORT TIME AT MANCHESTER.

Advices from Manchester state that the shortening of the hours of labor in the factories is gradually extending, and in course of the next week or two the movement promises to become more extensive.

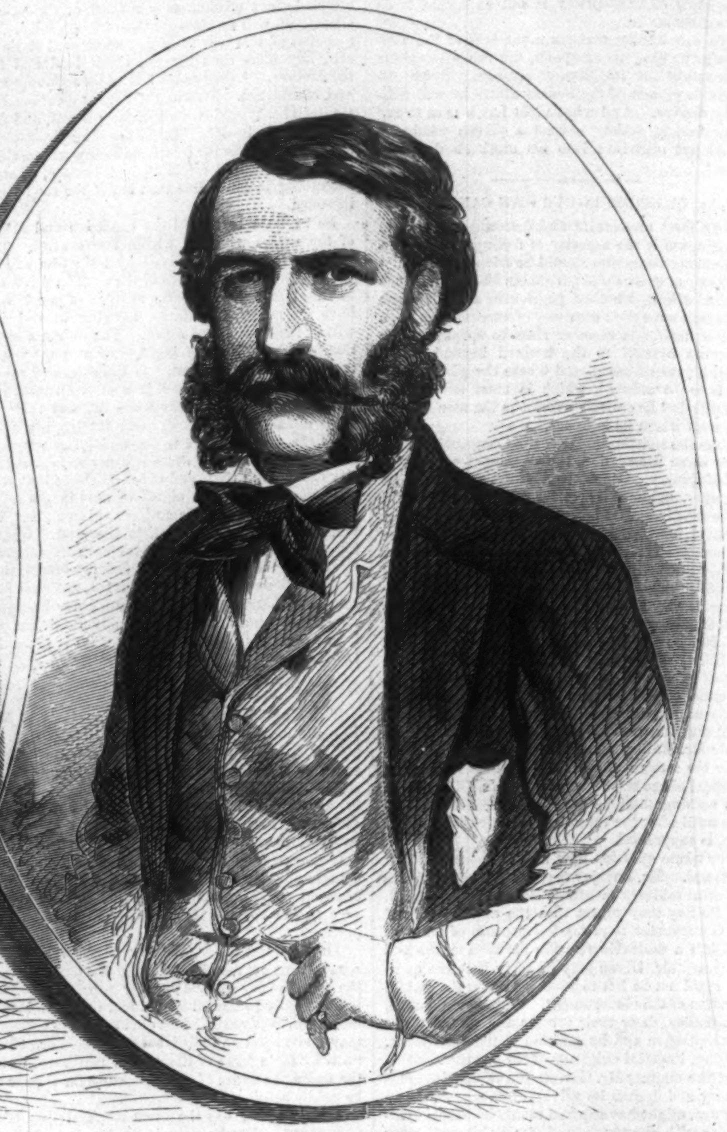
FRANCE.

FRANCE NOT TO INTERFERE.

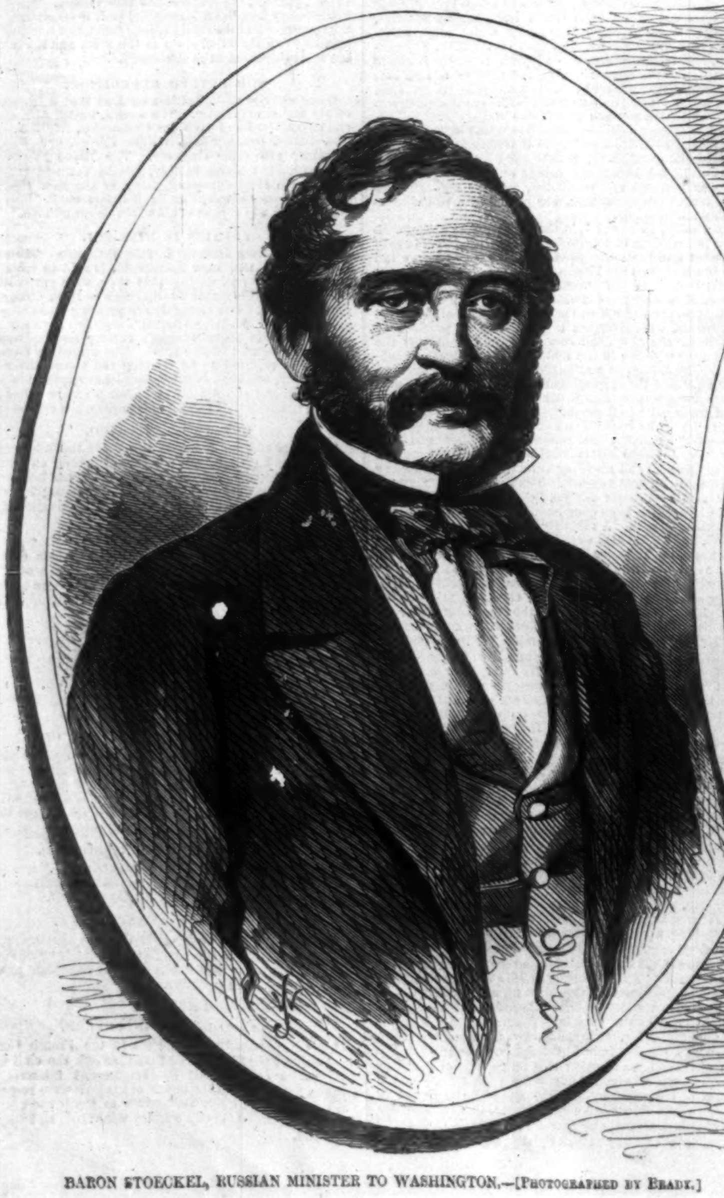
Louis Napoleon, in his address to the French Corps Legislatif on the 27th, stated that although the civil war in America compromised the commercial interests of France, yet as long as the rights of neutrals were respected, they should confine themselves to the earnest wish that the dissensions in this country would soon be brought to an end.



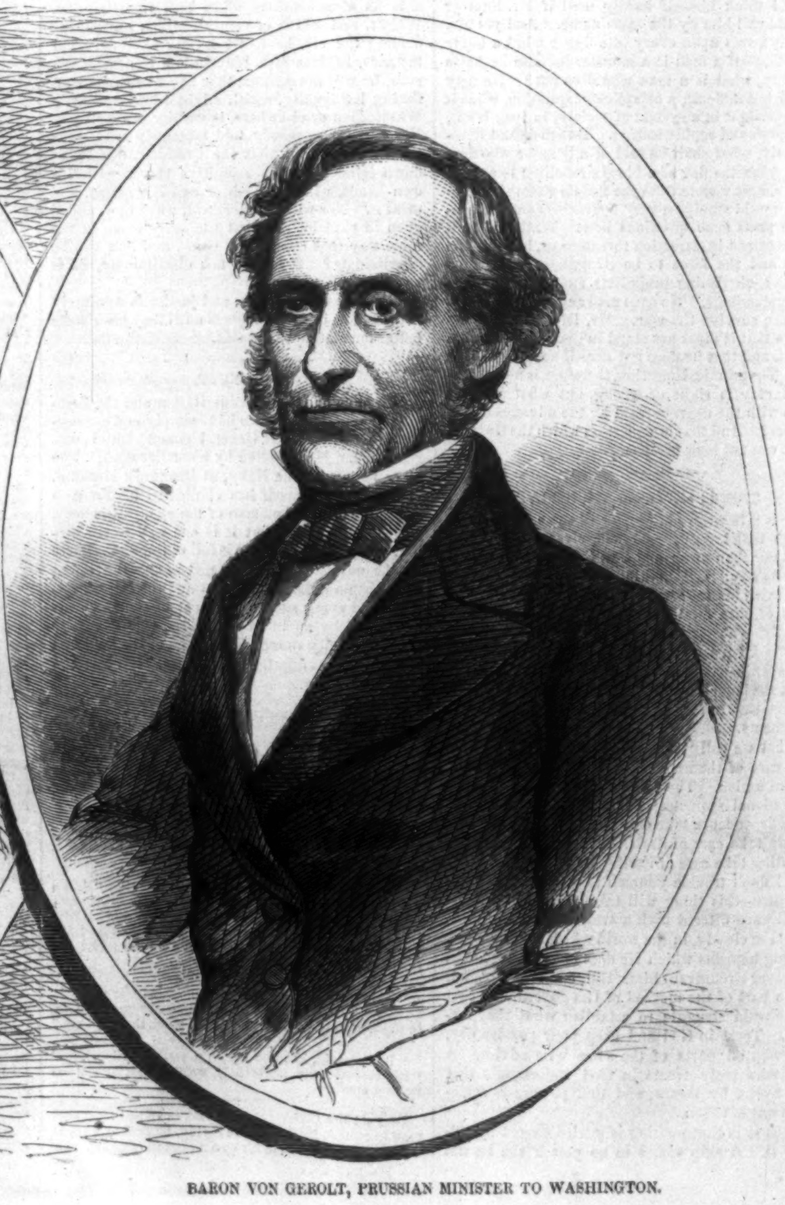
LORD LYONS, THE BRITISH MINISTER TO WASHINGTON.—[Photographed by Brady.]



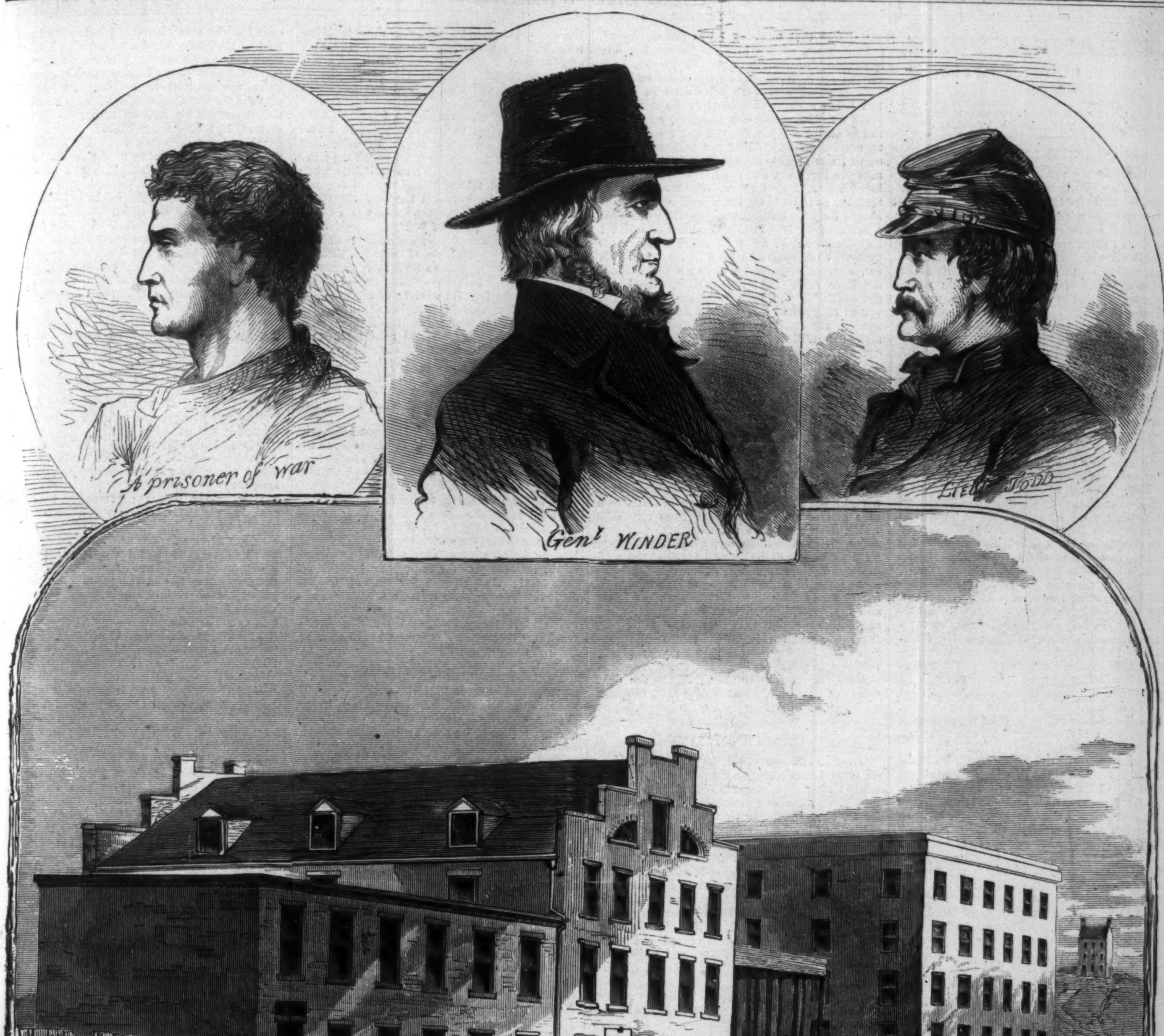
M. MERCIER, THE FRENCH MINISTER TO WASHINGTON.—[Photographed by Brady.]



BARON STOECKEL, RUSSIAN MINISTER TO WASHINGTON.—[Photographed by Brady.]



BARON VON GEROLT, PRUSSIAN MINISTER TO WASHINGTON.


A prisoner of war
Gen^l WINDER
LIEU^T TODD
THE REBEL PRISONS ON MAIN ST. NEAR 25^TH ST. RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.
4^TH STORY. PRISON NO. 2 RICHMOND.
SUDLEY CHURCH

THE PRISONS AND JAILERS AT RICHMOND.—From Sketches by Mr. James Gillette (71st New York State Militia), who was a Prisoner there for Five Months.—[See Page 119.]

A STRANGE STORY.

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER LXXVII.

To those of my readers who may seek with Julius Faber to explore, through intelligible causes, solutions for the marvels I narrate, Margrave's confession may serve to explain away much that my own superstitious beliefs had obscured. To them Margrave is evidently the son of Louis Grayle. The elixir of life is reduced to some simple restorative, owing much of its effect to the faith of a credulous patient; youth is so soon restored to its joy in the sun, with or without an elixir. His arts and his powers are, in small part, some unusual constitutional gifts on which the disciples of Mesmer rest their creed; in large part, they are the figments of my own heated fancy. He is a crafty impostor, a wonderful reader of men's dominant foibles or passions; all the knowledge that seems preternatural he could have gained by inquiries which his wealth made not difficult, and observations which his keenness of intellect made subtle and deep. I leave this interpretation unassailed. It may have been illusion in me to suppose that of the two conjectures—viz., that which is the least improbable, and that which is the most incredible—the latter was possible, the former not. And putting aside all other reasons for hesitating to believe that Margrave was the son of Louis Grayle—reasons which his own narrative might suggest—was it not strange that Sir Philip Derval, who had instituted inquiries so minute, and reported them in his memoir with such faithful care, should not have discovered that a youth, attended by the same woman who had attended Grayle, had disappeared from the town on the same night as Grayle himself disappeared? But Derval had related truthfully, according to Margrave's account, the flight of Ayesha and her Indian servant, yet not even alluded to the flight, not even to the existence, of the boy, who must have been of no mean importance in the suite of Louis Grayle, if he were, indeed, the son whom Grayle had made his constant companion, and constituted his principal heir.

Not many minutes did I give myself up to the cloud of reflections through which no sunbeam of light forced its way. One thought overmastered all: Margrave had threatened death to my Lilian, and warned me of what I should learn from the lips of Faber, "the sage of the college." I stood, shuddering, at the door of my home; I did not dare to enter.

"Allen," said a voice, in which my ear detected an unwonted tremulous faltering, "be firm—be calm. I keep my promise. The hour is come in which you may again see the Lilian of old—mind to mind, soul to soul."

Faber's hand took mine, and led me into the house.

"You do, then, fear that this interview will be too much for her strength?" said I, whisperingly.

"I can not say; but she demands the interview, and I dare not refuse it."

CHAPTER LXXVIII.

I LEFT Faber on the stairs, and paused at the door of Lilian's room. The door opened suddenly, noiselessly, and her mother came out with one hand before her face and the other locked in Amy's, who was leading her as a child leads the blind. Mrs. Ashleigh looked up, as I touched her, with a vacant, dreary stare. She was not weeping, as was her womanly wont in every pettier grief, but Amy was. No word was exchanged between us. I entered, and closed the door; my eyes turned mechanically to the corner in which was placed the small virgin bed, with its curtains white as a shroud. Lilian was not there. I looked round, and saw her half reclined on a couch near the window. She was dressed, and with care. Was not that her bridal robe?

"Allen—Allen," she murmured. "Again, again my Allen—again, again your Lilian!" And, striving in vain to rise, she stretched out her arms in the yearning of reunited love. And as I knelt beside her, those arms closed round me for the first time, in the frank, chaste, holy tenderness of a wife's embrace.

"Ah!" she said, in her low voice (her voice, like Cordelia's, was ever low), "all has come back to me—all that I owe to your protecting, noble, trustful, guardian love!"

"Hush! hush! the gratitude rests with me—it is so sweet to love, to trust, to guard!—my own, my beautiful, still my beautiful! Suffering has not dimmed the light of those dear eyes to me! Put your lips to my ear. Whisper but these words: 'I love you, and for your sake I wish to live!'"

"For your sake I pray—with my whole weak human heart—I pray to live. Listen. Some day hereafter, if I am spared, under the purple blossoms of yonder waving trees I shall tell you all, as I see it now, all that darkened or shone on me in my long dream, and before the dream closed around me, like a night in which cloud and star chase each other! Some day hereafter, some quiet, sunlit, happy, happy day. But now all I would say is this: Before that dreadful morning—how it comes back to me!—Allen, Allen! you did not believe that slanderous letter! God bless you! God bless you! Great-hearted, high-souled—God bless you, my darling! my husband! And He will! Pray to him humbly as I do, and He will bless you." She stooped and kissed away my tears, then she resumed, feebly, meekly, sorrowfully:

"Before that morning I was not worthy of such a heart, such a love as yours. No, no; hear me. No thought of love for another ever crossed me! Never, when conscious and reasoning, was I untrue to you—even in fancy. But I was a child—wayward as the child who pines for what earth can not give, and covets the moon for a toy. Heaven had been so kind to my lot on earth, and yet with my lot on earth I was secretly discontented. When I felt that you loved me, and my heart told me that I loved again, I said to myself, 'Now the void that my soul finds on earth will be filled.' I longed for your coming, and yet when you went I murmured, 'But is this the ideal of which I had dreamed?' I asked for an impossible sympathy. Sympathy with what? Nay, smile on me, dearest!—sympathy with what? I could not have said. Ah! Allen, then, then I was not worthy of you, infant that I was! I asked you to understand me. Now I know that I am woman, my study to understand you! Do I make myself clear? do you forgive me? I was not untrue to you; I was untrue to my own duties in life. I believed, in my vain conceit, that a mortal's dim vision of heaven raised me above the earth; I did not perceive the truth that earth is a part of the same universe as heaven! Now, perhaps in the awful affliction that darkened my reason, my soul has been made more clear. As if to chastise but to teach me, my soul has been permitted to indulge its own presumptuous desire; it has wandered forth from the trammels of mortal duties and destinies; it comes back, alarmed by the dangers of its own rash and presumptuous escape from the tasks which it should desire upon earth to perform. Allen, Allen, I am less unworthy of you now! Perhaps in my darkness one rapid glimpse of the true world of spirit has been vouchsafed to me. If so, how unlike to the visions my childhood indulged as divine! Now, while I know still more deeply that there is a world for the angels, I know also that the mortal must pass through probation in this. Oh, may I pass through it with you—grieving in your griefs, rejoicing in your joys!"

Here language failed her. Again the dear arms embraced me, and the dear face, eloquent with love, hid itself on my human breast.

CHAPTER LXXIX.

THAT interview is over! Again I am banished from Lilian's room; the agitation, the joy of that meeting has overstrained her enfeebled nerves. Convulsive tremblings of the whole frame, accompanied with vehement sobs, succeeded our brief interchange of sweet and bitter thoughts. Faber, in tearing me from her side, imperiously and sternly warned me that the sole chance yet left of preserving her life was in the merciful suspense of the emotions that my presence excited. He and Amy resumed their place in her chamber. Even her mother shared my sentence of banishment. So Mrs. Ashleigh and I sat facing each other in the room below; over me a leaden stupor had fallen, and I heard, as a voice from afar or in a dream, Mrs. Ashleigh's commands.

"She will die—she will die! Her eyes have the same heavenly look as my Gilbert's on the day on which his closed forever. Her very words are his last words—'Forgive me all my faults to you.' She will die—she will die!"

Hours thus passed away. At length Faber entered the room; he spoke first to Mrs. Ashleigh—meaningless soothings, familiar to the lips of all who pass from the chamber of the dying to the presence of mourners, and know that it is a falsehood to say "hope," and a mockery, as yet, to say "endure."

But he led her away to her own room docile as a wearied child led to sleep, staid with her some time, and then returned to me, pressing me to his breast, father-like.

"No hope—no hope!" said I, recoiling from his embrace. "You are silent. Speak! speak! Let me know the worst."

"I have a hope, yet I scarcely dare to bid you share it, for it grows rather out of my heart as man than my experience as physician. I can not think that her soul would be now so reconciled to earth—so fondly, so earnestly cling to this mortal life—if it were about to be summoned away. You know how commonly even the sufferers who have dreaded Death the most become calmly resigned to its coming, when Death visibly reveals itself out from the shadows in which its shape has been guessed and not seen. As it is a bad sign for life when the patient has lost all will to live on, so there is hope while the patient, yet young and with no perceptible breach in the great centres of life (however violently their forts may be stormed), has still intense faith in recovery, perhaps drawn (who can say?) from the whispers conveyed from above to the soul.

"I can not bring myself to think that all the uses for which a reason, always so lovely even in its errors, has been restored, are yet fulfilled. It seems to me as if your union, as yet so imperfect, has still for its end that holy life on earth by which two mortal beings strengthen each other for a sphere of existence to which this is the spiritual ladder. Through yourself I have hope yet for her. Gifted with powers that rank you high in the manifold orders of man—thoughtful, laborious, and brave—with a heart that makes intellect vibrate to every fine touch of humanity—in error itself conscientious, in delusions still eager for truth—in anger, forgiving—in wrong, seeking how to repair—and best of all, strong in a love which the mean would have shrunk to defend from the fangs of the slanderer—a love, raising passion itself out of the reach of the senses, made sublime by the sorrows that tried its devotion—with all these noble proofs in yourself of a being not meant to end here, your life has stopped short in its uses, your mind itself has been drifted, a bark without rudder or pilot, over seas without shore, under skies without stars. And wherefore? Because the Mind you so haughtily vaunted has refused its companion and teacher in Soul.

"And therefore, through you, I hope that she will be spared yet to live on. She, in whom soul has been led dimly astray, by unheeding the checks and the definite goals which the mind is ordained to prescribe to its wanderings while here; the mind taking thoughts from the actual and visible world, and the soul but vague glimpses and hints from the instinct of its ultimate heritage. Each of you two seems to me as yet incomplete, and your destinies yet uncompleted. Through the bonds of the heart, through the trials of time, ye have both to consummate your marriage. I do not—believe me—I do not say this in the fanciful wisdom of allegory and type, save that, wherever deeply examined, allegory and type run through all the most commonplace phases of outward and material life. I hope, then, that she may yet be spared to you—hope it, not from my skill as physician, but my inward belief as a Christian. To perfect your own being and end *each of you has need of the other!*"

I started—the very words that Lilian had heard in her vision!

"But," resumed Faber, "how can I presume to trace the numberless links of effects up to the First Cause, far off—oh, far off—out of the scope of my reason. I leave that to philosophers, who would laugh my meek hope to scorn.

"Possibly, probably, where I, whose calling has been but to save flesh from the worm, deem that the life of your Lilian is needed yet, to develop and train your own convictions of soul, Heaven in its wisdom may see that her death would instruct you far more than her life. I have said: Be prepared for either; wisdom through joy, or wisdom through grief. Enough that, looking only through the mechanism by which this moral world is impelled and improved, you know that cruelty is impossible to wisdom. Even a man, or man's law, is never wise but when it is merciful. But mercy has general conditions; and that which is mercy to the myriads may seem hard to the one."

And from all this discourse—of which I now, at calm distance of time, recall every word—my human, loving heart bore away for the moment but this sentence, "Each has need of the other;" so that I cried out, "Life, life, life! Is there no hope for her life? Have you no hope as physician? I am physician too; I will see her. I will judge. I will not be banished from my post."

"Judge then, as physician, and let the responsibility rest with you. At this moment all convulsion, all struggle has ceased; the frame is at rest. Look on her, and perhaps only the physician's eye could distinguish her state from death. It is not sleep, it is not trance, it is not the dooming coma from which there is no awaking. Shall I call it by the name received in our schools? Is it the catalepsy in which life is suspended, but consciousness acute? She is motionless, rigid; it is but with a strain of my own sense that I know that the breath still breathes, and the heart still beats. But I am convinced that though she can neither speak nor stir, nor give sign, that she is fully, sensitively conscious of all that passes around her. She is like those who have seen the very coffin carried into their chamber, and been unable to cry out, 'Do not bury me alive!' Judge then for yourself, with this intense consciousness and this impotence to evince it, what might be the effect of your presence—first an agony of despair, and then the complete extinction of life!"

"I have known but one such case. A mother whose heart was wrapped up in a suffering infant. She had lain for two days and two nights, still, as if in her shroud. All, save myself, said, 'Life was gone.' I said, 'Life still is there.' They brought in the infant, to try what effect its presence would produce; then her lips moved, and the hands crossed upon her bosom trembled."

"And the result?" exclaimed Faber, eagerly. "If the result of your experience sanction your presence, come; the sight of the babe rekindled life?"

"No; extinguished its last spark! I will not enter Lilian's room. I will go away—away from the house itself. That acute consciousness! I know it well! She may even hear me move in the room below, hear me speak at this moment. Go back to her, go back! But if hers be the state which I have known in another, which may be yet more familiar to persons of far ampler experience, there is no immediate danger of death. The state will last through to-day, through to-night; perhaps for days to come. Is it so?"

"I believe that for at least twelve hours there will be no change in her state. I believe also that if she recover from it calm and refreshed, as from a sleep, the danger of death will have passed away."

"And for twelve hours my presence would be hurtful?"

"Rather say fatal, if my diagnosis be right."

I wrung my friend's hand, and we parted.

"Oh, to lose her now!—now that her love and her reason had both returned, each more vivid than before! Futile, indeed, might be Margrave's boasted secret; but at least in that secret was hope. In recognized science I saw only despair.

And at that thought all dread of this mysterious visitor vanished—all anxiety to question more of his attributes or his history. His life itself became to me dear and precious. What if it should fail me in the steps of the process, whatever that was, by which the life of my Lilian might be saved!

The shades of evening were now closing in. I remembered that I had left Margrave without even food for many hours. I stole round to the back of the house, filled a basket with aliments, more generous than those of the former day; extracted fresh drugs from my stores, and, thus laden, hurried back to the hut. I found Margrave in the room below, seated on his mysterious coffer, leaning his face on his hand. When I entered, he looked up and said:

"You have neglected me. My strength is waning. Give me more of the cordial, for we have work before us to-night, and I need support."

He took for granted my assent to his wild experiment; and he was right.

I administered the cordial. I placed food before him, and this time he did not eat with repugnance. I poured out wine, and he drank it sparingly, but with ready compliance, saying, "In perfect health I looked upon wine as poison, now it is like a foretaste of the glorious elixir."

After he had thus recruited himself he seemed to acquire an energy that startlingly contrasted his languor the day before; the effort of breathing was scarcely perceptible; the color came back to his cheeks; his bended frame rose elastic and erect.

"If I understood you rightly," said I, "the experiment you ask me to aid can be accomplished in a single night?"

"In a single night—this night!"

"Command me. Why not begin at once? What apparatus or chemical agencies do you need?"

"Ah," said Margrave; "formerly, how I was misled! Formerly, how my conjectures blundered! I thought, when I asked you to give a month to the experiment I wished to make, that I should need the subtlest skill of the chemist—that the principle of life was a gas, and that the secret was but in the mode by which the gas might be rightly administered. But now all that I need is contained in this coffer, save one very simple material—fuel sufficient for a steady fire for six hours. I see even that is at hand, piled up in your outhouse. And now for the substance itself—to that you must guide me."

"Explain."

"Near this very spot is there not gold—in mines yet undiscovered?—and gold of the purest metal?"

"There is. What then? Do you, with the alchemists, blend in one discovery gold and life?"

"No. But it is only where the chemistry of earth or of man produces gold that the substance from which the great pabulum of life, extracted by ferment, is found. Possibly, in the attempts at that transmutation of metals, which I think your own great chemist—Sir Humphrey Davy—allowed might be possible, but held to be not worth the cost of the process—possibly, in those attempts, some scanty grains of this substance were found by the alchemists in the crucible, with grains of the metal as niggardly yielded by pitiful mimicry of Nature's stupendous laboratory; and from such grains enough of the essence might, perhaps, have been drawn forth to add a few years of existence to some feeble graybeard—granting, what rests on no proofs, that some of the alchemists reached an age rarely given to man. But it is not in the miserly crucible, it is in the matrix of Nature herself that we must seek in prolific abundance Nature's grand principle—life. As the loadstone is rife with the magnetic virtue, as amber contains the electric, so in this substance, to which we yet want a name, is found the bright life-giving fluid. In the old gold mines of Asia and Europe the substance exists, but can rarely be met with. The soil for its nutriment may there be well-nigh exhausted. It is here, where Nature herself is all vital with youth, that the nutriment of youth must be sought. Near this spot is gold—guide me to it."

"You can not come with me. The place which I know as auriferous is some miles distant; the way rugged. You can not walk to it. It is true I have horses, but—"

"Do you think I have come this distance, and not foreseen and forestalled all that I want for my object? Trouble yourself not with conjectures how I can arrive at the place. I have provided the means to arrive at, and leave it. My litter and its bearers are in reach of my call. Give me your arm to the rising ground fifty yards from your door."

I obeyed mechanically, stifling all surprise. I had made my resolve, and admitted no thought that could shake it.

When we reached the summit of the grassy hillock, which sloped from the road that led to the sea-port, Margrave, after pausing to recover breath, lifted up his voice in a key not loud, but shrill and slow and prolonged, half cry and half chant, like the night-hawk's. Through that air, so limpid and still, bringing near far objects, far sounds, the voice pierced its way, artfully pausing, till wave after wave of the atmosphere bore and transmitted it on.

In a few minutes the call seemed re-echoed, so exactly, so cheerily, that for the moment I thought that the note was the mimicry of the shy mocking Lyre-Bird, that mimics so merrily all that it hears in its coverts, from the whirr of the locust to the howl of the wild dog.

"What king," said the mystic charmer, and as he spoke he carelessly rested his hand on my shoulder, so that I trembled to feel that this dread son of Nature, Godless and soulless, who had been—and my heart whispered, who still could be—my bane and mind-darkener, leaned upon me for support, as the spoiled younger born on his brother—"what king," said this cynical mocker, with his beautiful boyish face—"what king in your civilized Europe has the sway of a chief of the East? What link is so strong between mortal and mortal as that between lord and slave? I transport yon poor fools from the land of their birth; they preserve here their old habits—obedience and awe. They would wait till they starved in the solitude—wait to hearken and answer my call. And I, who thus rule them or charm them—I use and despise them. They know that, and yet serve me! Between you and me, my philosopher, there is but one thing worth living for—life for one's self."

Is it age, is it youth, that thus shocks all my sense, in my solemn completeness of man? I know not to this hour. But perhaps, in great capitals, young men of pleasure will answer, "It is youth; and we think what he says!" Young friends, I do not believe you.

CHAPTER LXXX.

ALONG the grass track I saw now, under the moon, just risen, a strange procession—never seen before in Australian pastures. It moved on, noiselessly but quickly. We descended the hillock, and met it on the way. A sable litter, borne by four men, in unfamiliar Eastern garments; two other swarthy servitors, more bravely dressed, with yataghans and silver-hilted pistols in their belts, preceding this sombre equipage. Perhaps Margrave divined the disdainful thought that passed through my mind, vaguely and half consciously; for he said, with the hollow, bitter laugh that had replaced the lively peal of his once melodious mirth:

"A little leisure and a little gold, and your raw colonist, too, will have the tastes of a pashaw."

I made no answer. I had ceased to care who and what was my tempter. To me his whole being was resolved into one problem: Had he a secret by which Death could be turned from Lilian?

But now, as the litter halted, from the long dark shadow which it cast upon the turf, the figure of a woman emerged, and stood before us. The outlines of her shape were lost in the loose folds of a black mantle, and the features of her face were hidden by a black veil, except only the dark, bright, solemn eyes. Her stature was lofty, her bearing majestic, whether in movement or repose.

Margrave accosted her in some language unknown to me. She replied in what seemed to my ear the same tongue. The tones of her voice were sweet, but inexpressibly mournful. The words that they uttered appeared intended to warn, or deprecate, or dissuade, for they called to Margrave's brow a lowering frown, and drew from his lips a burst of unmistakable anger. The woman rejoined, in the same melancholy music of voice. And Margrave then, leaning his arm upon her shoulder, as he had leaned it on mine, drew her away from the group into a neighboring copse of the flowering eucalypti—mystic trees, never changing the hues of their pale-green leaves, ever shifting the tints of their ash-gray, shedding bark. For some moments I gazed on the two human forms, dimly seen by the glinting moonlight through the gaps in the foliage. Then, turning away my eyes, I saw, standing close at my side, a man whom I had not noticed before. His footstep, as it stole to me, had fallen on the sward without sound. His dress, though Oriental, differed from that of his companions, both in shape and color; fitting close to the breast, leaving the arms bare to the elbow, and of a uniform, ghastly white, as are the cerements of the grave. His visage was even darker than those of the Syrians or Arabs behind him, and his features were those of a bird of prey—the beak of the eagle, but the eye of the vulture. His cheeks were hollow; the arms, crossed on his breast, were long and fleshless. Yet in that skeleton form there was a something which conveyed the idea of a serpent's suppleness and strength; and as the hungry, watchful eyes met my own startled gaze, I recoiled impulsively with that inward warning of danger which is conveyed to man, as to inferior animals, in the very aspect of the creatures that sting or devour. At my movement the man inclined his head in the submissive Eastern salutation, and spoke in his foreign tongue, softly, humbly, fawningly, to judge by his tone and his gesture.

I moved yet farther away from him with loathing, and now the human thought flashed upon me: was I in truth exposed to no danger in trusting myself to the mercy of the weird and remorseless master of those hirelings from the East?—seven men in number, two at least of them formidably armed, and docile as bloodhounds to the hunter, who has only to show them their prey. But fear of man like myself is not my weakness; where fear found its way to my heart it was through the doubts or the fancies in which man like myself disappeared in the attributes, dark and unknown, which we give to a fiend or a spectre. And perhaps, if I could have paused to analyze my own sensations, the very presence of this escort—creatures of flesh and blood—lessened the dread of my incomprehensible tempter. Rather, a hundred times, front and defy those seven Eastern slaves —I, haughty son of the Anglo-Saxon who conquers all races because he fears no odds—than have seen again on the walls of my threshold the luminous, bodiless Shadow! Besides, Lilian—Lilian! for one chance of saving her life, however wild and chimerical that chance might be, I would have shrunk not a foot from the march of an army.

Thus reassured and thus resolved, I advanced, with a smile of disdain, to meet Margrave and his veiled companion, as they now came from the moonlit copse.

"Well," I said to him, with an irony that unconsciously mimicked his own, "have you taken advice with your nurse? I assume that the dark masked form by your side is that of Ayesha!"

The woman looked at me from her sable mask, with her steadfast, solemn eyes, and said, in English, though with a foreign accent, "The nurse, born in Asia, is but wise through her love; the pale son of Europe is wise in his art. The nurse says 'Forbear!' Do you say 'Adventure?'"

"Peace!" exclaimed Margrave, stamping his foot on the ground, "I take no counsel from either; it is for me to resolve, for you to obey, and for him to aid. Night is come, and we waste it; move on."

The woman made no reply, nor did I. He took my arm and walked back to the hut. The barbaric escort followed. When we reached the door of the building Margrave said a few words to the woman and to the litter-bearers. They entered the hut with us. Margrave pointed out to the woman his coffer; to the men, the fuel stowed in the outhouse. Both were borne away and placed within the litter. Meanwhile I took from the table, on which it was carelessly thrown, the light hatchet that I habitually carried with me in my rambles.

"Do you think that you need that idle weapon?" said Margrave. "Do you fear the good faith of my swarthy attendants?"

"Nay, take the hatchet yourself; its use is to sever the gold from the quartz in which we may find it embedded, or to clear, as this shovel, which will also be needed, from the slight soil above it the ore that the mine in the mountain flings forth, as the sea casts its waifs on the sands."

"Give me your hand, fellow-laborer!" said Margrave, joyfully, "Ah, there is no faltering terror in this pulse. I was not mistaken in the Man. What rests but the Place and the Hour? I shall live—I shall live!"

OUR PRISONERS AT RICHMOND.

WE publish on page 117 several illustrations of OUR PRISONERS AT RICHMOND, with portraits of their jailors, from sketches by Mr. James Gillette.

The testimony of those recently released goes to show that the published accounts of outrages perpetrated upon unarmed prisoners of war by their keepers, and the many sufferings they have undergone, have not been exaggerated, as many have supposed. Perhaps a mistake has been made in ascribing these circumstances to a vindictive spirit on the part of the revolutionary authorities. It more properly results from their inability to control the passions of the drunken and ignorant hordes that compose the rank and file of their army, and the total absence of material or means necessary for the maintenance of a war prison. The necessities of their own army are avowed excuses for whatever deprivations the prisoners are obliged to submit to.

The condition of our soldiers, crowded in the damp and filthy tobacco factories of the South, is indeed fearful. Covered with vermin, which a want of change of clothing, filth, and improper accommodations have engendered, half-starved and nearly naked as they are, who with heart so hardened to human suffering as will refuse to advocate measures by which these suffering patriots may be honorably released!

The return of Mr. JAMES GILLETTE, of the New York 71st Regiment, who has been five months a prisoner in Richmond, affords us an opportunity to give our readers accurate representations of the prisons and prison scenes, from sketches made by Mr. G. during the weary hours of his imprisonment.

We publish this week illustrations of Prison No. 2, Atkinson's factory, on four floors of which (size 40 × 60 feet) over four hundred men were confined; also Hospital No. 1, Ross's factory, containing nearly one hundred wounded soldiers, in charge of Dr. Higginbotham, surgeon in the rebel army. These men are suffering from wounds received at the battle of Bull Run. We give other representations of officials and scenes of interest to the many friends of the prisoners.

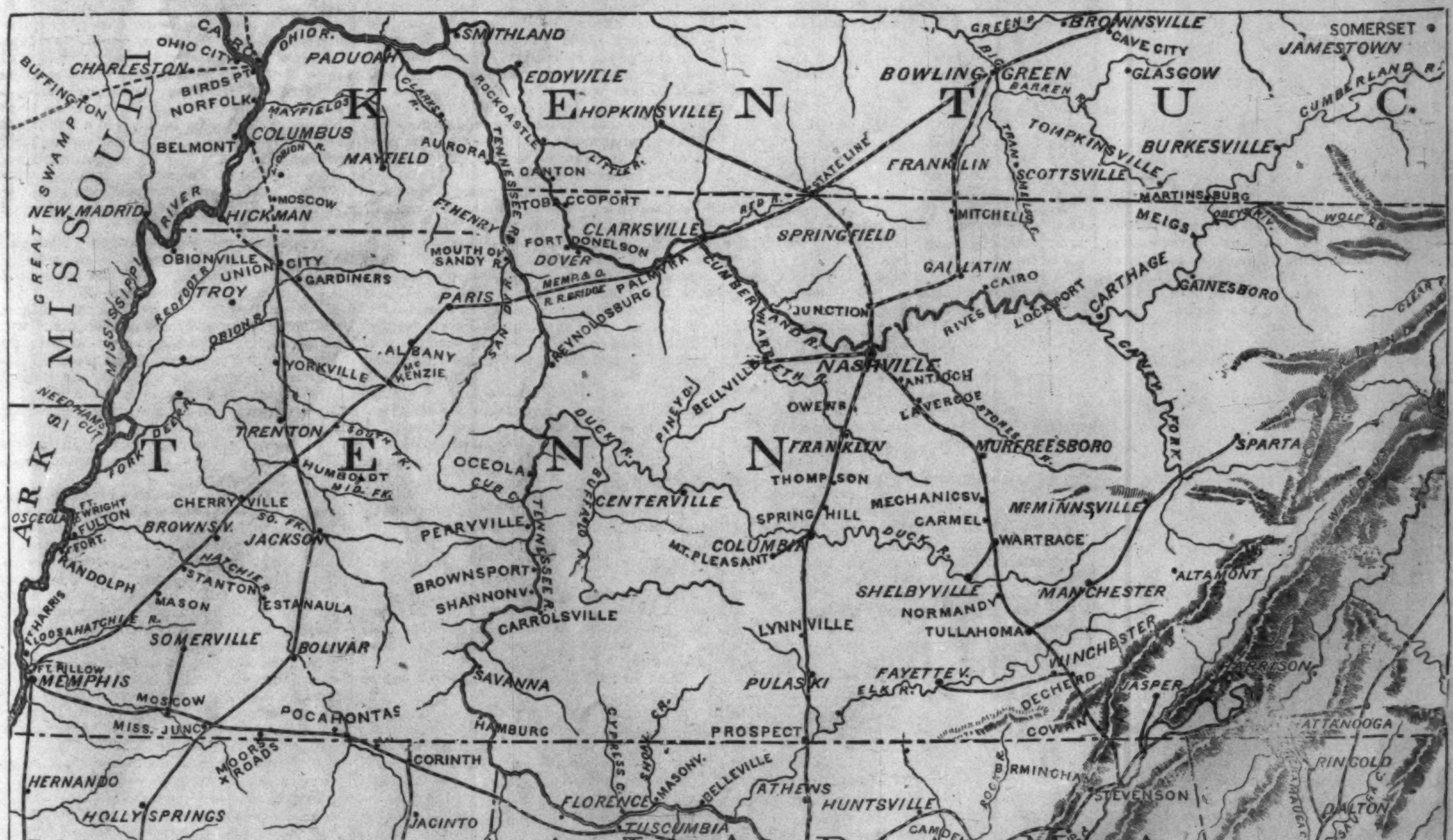
THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC IN THE MUD.

WHATEVER opportunities the fine weather of last month afforded for a forward movement, it is evidently out of the question to stir now, even if it accorded with General M'Clellan's strategy to do so. The Army of the Potomac is literally stuck in the mud, and no one attempts locomotion unless obliged. Those who think it as much as life is worth to get the feet wetted should see how little difference it makes to the soldier. When he steps out of his tent at reveille, it is to sink at each step half-way to his knees in liquid mud; and from that time till tattoo is sounded he has to get along as well as he can with wet boots. It does not appear to interfere with the health of the men, the sick-roll showing fewer cases than before in most of the camps. In some places the officers have secured quarters in houses, where they shut themselves up in small close rooms, with a red-hot stove, and the windows hermetically sealed (the Germans are very fond of this plan).

To return to the subject of the sketch. The centre picture gives a fair average representation of the condition of the roads on the lines—axle-deep in mud, and abounding in holes, from which it requires the combined efforts of several teams and a vast amount of cursing to draw a single wagon. The fields are cut up with ruts in all directions, ornamented with an occasional broken wagon or dead horse; and in passing through the streams the water comes over the floor of the wagon.

The sketches on page 121 describe themselves. Soldiers struggling *through* the sacred soil to relieve the guards, and a group of officers slowly and wearily wending their way to camp. The scene below, sketched in Franklin's division, shows several of the contrivances adopted by the soldiers to make their tents comfortable: the log foundation, with the tent above it, and make-shift chimneys of empty flour barrels. In chimneys much variety of invention is presented. The more aristocratic are built of bricks; others of sticks plastered with mud; while barrels and stope-pipes, in endless variety of combination, appear.

The large amount of fuel required by the army has caused the woods to disappear with magical rapidity. This, and the destruction of the fences, the demolition of houses, and construction of new military roads, will render it rather difficult for the absconding secessionists to recognize their ancient boundaries, if they ever return. The worst feature of the mud blockade is the stoppage of regimental and brigade drill. Still, with mud nearly up to the knees, the 22d Massachusetts come out on the double quick for dress parade. On comparatively dry spots, target, bayonet, and skirmish drill is carried on. A noticeable feature in our army is the absence of demoralization, on account of the necessary inactivity.


MISSOURI
KENTUCKY
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ARKANSAS
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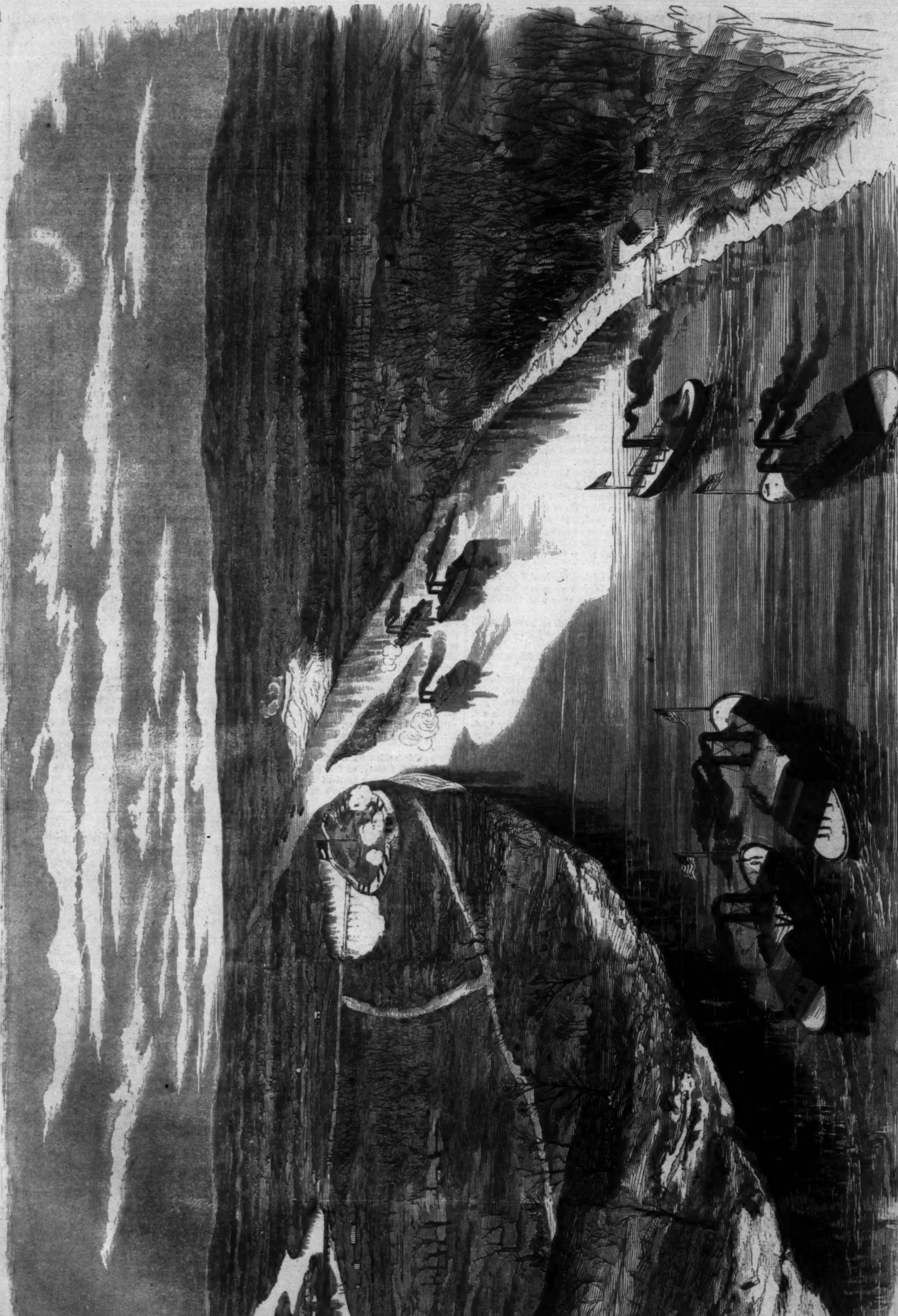
CAIRO
OHIO CITY
OHIO R.
PADUCAH
SMITHLAND
EDDYVILLE
HOPKINSVILLE
BOWLING GREEN
BROWNSVILLE
CAVE CITY
GLASGOW
SOMERSET
JAMESTOWN
CUMBERLAND R.
CHARLESTON
BUFFINGTON
BIRDS PT
NORFOLK
MAYFIELDS
BELMONT
COLUMBUS
MAYFIELD
AURORA
CANTON
TOBACCOPORT
MOSCOW
NEW MADRID
HICKMAN
GREAT SWAMP
MISSISSIPPI RIVER
FT. HENRY
FORT DONELSON
CLARKSVILLE
DOVER
MOUTH OF SANDY R.
SPRINGFIELD
FRANKLIN
SCOTTSVILLE
TOMPKINSVILLE
BURKESVILLE
MARTINSBURG
MEIGS
MITCHELL
GALLATIN
CAIRO
RIVES
LOCKPORT
CARTHAGE
GAINESBORO
OBIONVILLE
UNION CITY
TROY
GARDINERS
PARIS
PALMYRA
R. R. BRIDGE
REYNOLDSBURG
JUNCTION
NASHVILLE
ANTIOCH
ALBANY
Mc KENZIE
YORKVILLE
OWENS
LAVERGNE
MURFREESBORO
TRENTON
HUMBOLDT
FRANKLIN
THOMPSON
SPARTA
CANEY FORK
NEEDHAMS CUT
FORT DEPOSIT
OCEOLA
CHERRYVILLE
CENTERVILLE
SPRING HILL
MECHANICSV.
CARMEL
McMINNSVILLE
OSCEOLA
FT. WRIGHT
FULTON
BROWNSV.
JACKSON
PERRYVILLE
COLUMBIA
MT. PLEASANT
WARTRACE
RANDOLPH
STANTON
HATCHIE
MASON
ESTANAULA
BROWNSPORT
SHANNONV.
SHELBYVILLE
NORMANDY
MANCHESTER
ALTAMONT
HARRIS
LOOSAHATCHIE R.
SOMERVILLE
BOLIVAR
CARROLSVILLE
LYNNVILLE
TULLAHOMA
WINCHESTER
FT. PILLOW
MEMPHIS
MOSCOW
POCAHONTAS
SAVANNA
PULASKI
FAYETTEV.
ELK R.
DECHERD
JASPER
MISS. JUNC.
HAMBURG
PROSPECT
COWAN
CHATTANOOGA
MOORS X ROADS
CORINTH
BIRMINGHAM
STEVENSON
RINGGOLD
HERNANDO
HOLLY SPRINGS
JACINTO
FLORENCE
MASONV.
BELLEVILLE
ATHENS
HUNTSVILLE
DALTON
TUSCUMBIA
CAMDEN
LEIGHTON
CORTLAND
DECATUR
WHITESB.
LANGSTON
LEBANON
SUMMERV.
CALHOUN
SCALE OF MILES
10 20 30 40 50 75 100

MAP OF THE THEATRE OF THE WAR IN WESTERN TENNESSEE.



THE UNION GUN-BOATS ADVANCING UP THE TENNESSEE RIVER TO THE ATTACK OF FORT HENRY, TENNESSEE.—[See Page 113.]

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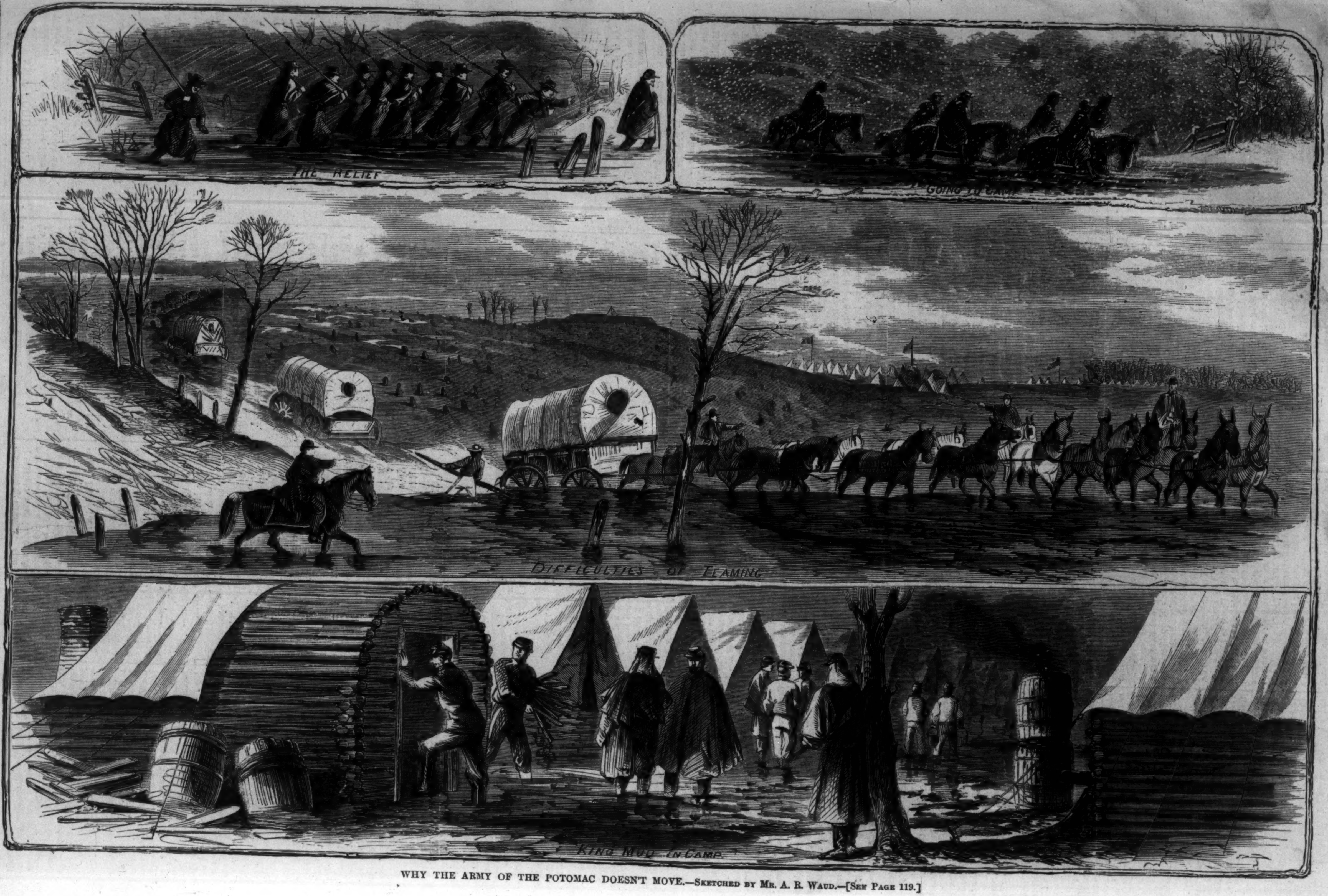

THE RELIEF
GOING TO CAMP
DIFFICULTIES OF TEAMING
KING MUD IN CAMP

WHY THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC DOESN'T MOVE.—Sketched by Mr. A. R. Waud.—[See Page 119.]

AMY SCUDDER.

NORTHWARD down upon Long Island,
Where the white shores shrink away
Into winding creeks and channels,
Into many a dreamy bay,
Bordered round with hazel copses,
And with birch-trees silver gray—

There lies Farmer Scudder's homestead
Sloping gently to the Sound,
With a crawling fence of locust
Snugly hedging it around,
And its patch of bloomy apples,
And its patch of meadow ground.

'Tis a pleasant place that homestead
In the long-drawn summer days,
When the pigeons on the gables
Purple in the sunsets' rays,
And upon the swelling upland
Shines the glory of the maize.

Sweet, too, are the solemn pine groves,
Where the snowy pipe-flowers grow
O'er the graves of ancient Indians
Buried many a year ago—
Buried ere the white man's vessels
Flecked the Sound with sails of snow.

Beauteous is the neighboring highland,
Where the mansion of the Squire
Nests among the groves of laurel,
And of tulips all on fire,
Over which, across the distance,
Shines the village church's spire.

Here, where an abundant Nature
Ever on its Maker smiled,
Dwelt the pretty Amy Scudder,
Like a wood-flower blooming wild:
She was not the farmer's daughter,
But a poor adopted child.

Eighteen years ago last winter
To his door a woman came,
Faintly begging food and shelter
For her weak, emaciate frame.
Farmer Scudder, noble-hearted,
Never even asked her name—

Never asked her name or story,
But in mercy took her in,
Gave her food and gave her raiment,
As if she had been of his kin;
For he felt, though child of sorrow,
She was not a child of sin.

Close on spring her child was born,
Nearly eighteen years ago;
This the self-same Amy Scudder
That the village gossips know—
Then the mother heavenward drifted,
Melting with the melting snow.

Ere she breathed her last, however,
Though she did not tell her name,
She besought the honest farmer
Not to idly wrong her fame,
For she swore her little daughter
Amy was not born of shame.

And he knew, while she was speaking,
That she could not speak a lie,
With a host of white-robed angels
Bending o'er her from the sky;
So he swore to be a father
To her child if she should die.

So, at peace with earth and heaven,
She passed upward to the throne;
And the farmer, true to promise,
Claimed the orphan for his own—
Made her feel upon his bosom
That she was not left alone.

Like a sweet white lily floating
Calmly down a summer stream,
Down the stream of youth she floated,
Ripening in the summer's beam,
Pure as any sainted virgin,
Fair as any poet's dream.

Oh! her lips had music on them
Like the murmurous hum of bees,
Or the singing of the breezes
When they're playing with the trees,
Or the low and mystic harpings
Of the liquid-fingered seas.

And her eyes had beauty in them,
Like the burning drop of dew,
Tinct with azure and with sunshine,
Sleeping in the lotus blue,
And they thrilled with maiden magic
All who met them through and through.

Aye her form was fair to look at,
As the rounding slope of hills
When the magic might of distance
All the rougher details kills,
Till the mystic curvilinear
Every artist law fulfills;

And the neighbors loved to see her,
With her simply-banded hair,
Sitting in the church of Sundays,
All so virginal and fair,
And her virgin face illumined
With the holiness of prayer.

'Twas not strange when young Hugh Cameron,
Decked with college name and fame,
To his father's stately mansion
In vacation homeward came—
To the house upon the highland,
Where the spreading tulips flame.

'Twas not strange that he should love her
When he saw her in her pew,
So suffused maiden meekness,
Like a white flower bathed in dew—
None who looked could help but love her.
I would love her—so would you.

Well they loved. The same old story—
She in innocence and truth,
He with all the fire and passion
Of the stormy time of youth,
Seeing nothing save the present,
Scoffing at all hints of ruth.

Honest Farmer Scudder knew it,
And his cheeks with pride grew red
When he thought his darling Amy
With the proud Squire's son would wed.
That there could be bar between them
Never entered in his head.

He was honest—earned his living—
Owned those acres broad and free,
Came of good substantial parents,
And to no man bent the knee.
And his child was fit to mate with
Any man, whoe'er he be.

Little did he know Squire Cameron,
Who was proud and hard and cold—
Proud of his old Highland lineage,
Boastful of his lands and gold.
Never did a bland exterior
Soul more stern and selfish fold.

Love, like murder, will forever
Be betrayed by chance or fate;
And one day old Farmer Scudder
Met Squire Cameron at his gate,
And the proud man's eyes were flashing
With the bitter fires of hate.

"So, Sir," said he, "this Miss Amy,
Your fair daughter, spreads her snare
For my son—a foolish school-boy—
And she traps him unaware.
'Twas a pretty piece of plotting—
But, I tell you, have a care!"

Then the red cheeks of the farmer
Grew as pale as winter's skies,
And it seemed the blood that left them
Sudden centred in his eyes,
And his voice was hoarse with passion
As he bellowed, "Lies, Sir!—lies!

"Amy trap your son! You know it
For a lie. Ay, gulp it down!
Farmer Scudder can't be frightened
By a big word or a frown.
She's the soul of truth and honor—
Ask the parish—ask the town.

"Your son loves her—loves her honest,
And she loves him, that I know.
What harm has been done, Squire Cameron?
If you talk of rank and show,
When my Amy weds her husband
She sha'n't empty-handed go."

Instant every trace of passion
Left the Squire, and pale and proud
He stood up before the farmer.
Speaking slowly and not loud—
"When the Camerons seek their wives, Sir,
'Tis not 'mid the vulgar crowd.

"Mark my words, Sir. Never, never
Will my son your daughter wed.
Rather would I see him lying
With the grass above his head;
So my last resolve is taken,
And my last word has been said."

Then he bowed, and left the farmer
Dumb with pity and with rage;
For he well foresaw the sorrow
No consolation would assuage—
Saw 'twould break the heart of Amy,
She the solace of his age.

O the wailing and the weeping
Of the household down below!
O the silent inner sorrow!
O the tears that would not flow!
O the ghastly, girlish figure,
In one hour grown old with woe!

O the storming at the mansion,
And the fury of the son,
And the bitter obstinacy
Of the old Squire Cameron,
And the last despairing meeting
Ere the sacrifice was done!

So in sorrow passed the winter,
Till the burgeoned spring came round.
Amy was as white as any
Of the blossoms over ground,
Yet she ne'er complained or murmured—
Broken vessels give no sound.

So it passed, when, one day coming
From the village down the lane,
At his door old Farmer Scudder
Saw a stranger draw his rein,
So he ran across the fences
And the fields of sprouting grain.

"Morning, stranger," said the farmer.
"Might your business be with me?"
"Is there not a girl named Amy
Living here?" "Ay, that she be.
Lives with me. Sure I'm her father—
The sweetest child you ever see."

"Nay, I beg your pardon, farmer.
Don't be angry if I smile;
But she can not be your daughter.
She's the child of Count Longueil,
A wealthy old Canadian noble,
Only dead a little while.

"His son married 'gainst his wishes—
Married, too, beneath his birth,
And he drove him from the chateau—
Drove him homeless on the earth,
Till he died and left a widow,
Who to Amy here gave birth.

"And the child that you adopted
Is the Countess of Longueil,
Owner of broad lands and forests,
Where both peace and plenty smile;
So I'll leave your lips to tell her,
And return here in a while."

Need I tell the joy and clamor
Under Farmer Scudder's roof,
And how hope came back to Amy—
Hope that long had kept aloof?
Ah! let fancy fling the shuttle
O'er this many-colored woof.

But the haughty Squire relented,
Even his proud heart felt some shame;
And in triumph from his travels
Happily Hugh Cameron came,
And the new-found title, Countess,
Passed into a dearer name.

But old honest Farmer Scudder,
Though he felt his heart aglow
At the fortune of his darling,
Said, all kindlily you know,
That he thought he loved her better
When she was Amy down below.

PATTY.

I.

SUNDAY morning at Oakmere St. Mary's. The church is some half-mile from the village. The bells have ceased to ring. The last white smock-frock has left the green church-yard, and slouched up the red-paved aisle to his assigned pew. The clerk—a spectacled old man, with a head so bald and polished that it quite glitters in the sunlight—appears in the little gallery, and turns the handle of the organ with solemn slowness. The Rev. Morris Baldersby—a little, tremulous, bent old man—creeps to the reading-desk, his hands cased in fretted, overlarge black gloves, resting here and there on the pew-doors as he passes along the aisle. In low, and yet impressive tones, with perhaps a little of the pomp and singsong of an old school of elocution in his delivery, the pastor leads his simple flock through the appointed morning service.

Meanwhile a high-stepping, Roman-nosed gray mare drew a yellow-wheeled chaise through the village. This was Dr. Gregor, the nearest medical man. There was no church for *him* that Sunday. Perhaps he was off to see poor crippled Miss Hensingham, of Hensingham Priory, Chiddle Abbots, or to visit Squire Cotgreave's farm-bailiff, bad with the ague at Little Rigglington. Any how, he stopped short half way on the road through Oakmere St. Mary's, for he saw a man coming to him across the green.

"So it's *you*, is it?" said the Doctor, cheerfully. "How are you, Mr. Bryce?"

And he shook hands with a thin old man, with hair so white and closely clipped that it looked like a down skull-cap made to fit very tightly.

"I'm hearty, thank'ee," answered Mr. Bryce.

"Why, I thought it was a much younger man," the Doctor went on, "you were walking at such a pace."

The old man chuckled approvingly.

"Eighty-seven," he said, "come Christmas. Eighty-seven, and all my faculties! all my faculties!"

It was noteworthy, however, that he would put his hand to his ear, after the manner of deaf people, whenever the Doctor spoke.

"Not at church, Mr. Bryce; how's that?"

"I'm going on there now. I've been looking up the skulkers a bit; they try to hide behind the pump, and think I sha'n't see 'em. But I'm one too many for 'em, I am. I've just sent on little Billy Martin. That boy'd never be at church at all, I do believe, if I weren't here to drive him. He's a bad 'un, that boy, if there ever was one."

As he put his hand again to his ear the fact that he had lost two of his fingers became apparent.

"How's Miss Patty?"

"Grows quite a great girl;" and there was a pleased look in the old man's sharp blue eyes. "Takes a class now at the school, under the school-missus! I taught her—wonderful clever girl."

"And as pretty as ever?"

"God bless her!" said the old man; "she'll do, for the matter o' that, will my Patty."

"That old boy," quoth the Doctor to himself, as he drove along the road to Chiddle Abbots, "if he isn't eighty-seven, must be very near it. As good an old soul and as obstinate an old toad as ever lived. Lost his fingers at Seringapatam, he says; a brave soldier, I've no doubt, just the man to be; but pig-headed to that extent—why, that cough of his was very nearly carrying him off last winter, and all because nothing could induce him to take his mixture. Ah, I remember his poor daughter well; what a sad, pale face she had! The husband, a scoundrel, I believe (though he's been dead long since, I hear); and the tiny baby! I never thought they'd rear it; but it thrived, somehow, got on wonderfully, and now there isn't a prettier girl about these parts than little Patty Dean. I ought to know," and a smile crept over his kind, tanned face, "for I've helped them all into the world—all the children about here for the last five-and-twenty years, and kept my eye on them ever since. I ought to know something about them. Come, old lady, wake up."

For indeed the gray mare, listening attentively to this monologue, her ears twitching about vividly in her interest and excitement, had slackened pace considerably, and there were some miles to go before Hensingham Priory was reached—always supposing that Dr. Gregor was proceeding thither.

Mr. Bryce turned toward the church, the while looking out sharply, however, for "skulkers." He was much curved now by his years, and it was difficult to believe that in his youth he had stood six feet high. The old military bearing was gone of late; it was noticeable that Mr. Bryce's back was very much bent now, that he moved more slowly, that his age was telling upon him—so all the village said. A handsome old man, but that the lines of his features were a little too hard and stern. He wore a very grim look when he was angry; his thick, projecting, white eyebrows came down over his fierce eyes, his nostrils dilated and stiffened, his lips disappeared, and left merely a deep dent or rut in his face to mark where his mouth was to be found ordinarily. There was rather a leonine expression on his face on the whole.

The presence of Mr. Bryce was almost as good as ipecacuanha for stopping coughs in church. His sharp eyes settled steadily upon an offender in this respect, and held him tightly, as it were, for several minutes; the punishment was more than sufficient for the offense.

But during the singing Mr. Bryce's gaze was turned in another direction—away from the organ-loft and toward the chancel—and he looked not severely this time, but with pleasure and admiration. A little maiden, in a coarse straw-hat, with very thick chestnut hair and very blue eyes, soft rosy cheeks, and a charmingly-shaped little red-lipped mouth, sat there in charge of a detachment of school children, and often enhanced the music of the service by adding thereto her sweet mellow voice, perfectly in tune, and soft, flexible, and most witching in its tones.

Farmer Barford, the stout man with the hair brought over his forehead, the red face, the check neckcloth, the blue coat, and the very rough hat, wore a gloomy look as he came out of church. He did not tarry to interchange salutations with his neighbors, according to custom.

"Tidy hot in church, I thought it," observed Farmer Barford, wiping his forehead with a scarlet handkerchief kept in his hat, and thoroughly warm in consequence.

"It were," Mrs. Barford agrees, and then she continues, "Did you notice stoodent chap in chancel pew?"

"Him as lives over at Todd's? Didn't notice un pertikler to speak on."

"Looks poorly like," says Mrs. Barford.

"Ah! them town lads I've noticed a'most allays has white faces and a sickerly sort of look. Suppose they can't help?"

"Suppose not."

Soon Mr. Bryce and the little maiden in the straw-hat had come up to the Barfords.

"Your Patty gets to sing nice, Mr. Bryce," Mrs. Barford remarks, with an amiable smile of greeting.

"She do," said the old man, with a grin of pleasure. "Uncommon fine this morning, I thought it." And then, in a whisper, "Wonderful clever girl! *I* taught her."

"Never heerd you sing much though yerself, Muster Bryce," quoth Farmer Barford, boldly, undeterred by his wife's nods and signs not to offend the soldier, "'less it was 'Jemmy-linkum-feedle,' or summut of that sort, at harvest supper."

"*I* taught her," repeated Mr. Bryce, persistently and proudly, and putting away from him all opposition.

At the gate of the Barfords' farm the two families divide. Farmer Barford plucks a rose, the largest he can find.

"There, Patty," he says, giving her the flower with a gallantry that makes up in heartiness for its want of grace; "and it ain't such a pooty color as your cheeks, neither, my dear."

Mrs. Barford smiles approbation. Patty Dean blushes, and her cheeks beat the rose hollow in point of crimson.

"Have some more roses, Patty, if you like," says the farmer. And then, by way of explanation to the old soldier, "There's plenty here, and I've noticed as your roses is somehow backward this season, Muster Bryce."

Patty glanced timidly at her grandfather. From something she saw in his face she thought it best to take no more roses. They went on slowly and silently for some minutes to their cottage at the end of the green—the last cottage but one, that being the wheel-wright's. They were soon out of sight of Farmer Barford's.

Mr. Bryce eyed the rose for some time rather ill-naturedly.

"Are you very fond of flowers, Patty?" he asked.

"Yes, grandfather."

"You don't care for that one in pertikler, do you, Patty? I think we've got some in our garden that's every bit as good as that—every bit, only that Barford's given to bragging, and thinks all his things are ever so much better than any body else's—a dull fool!"

"Oh, grandfather!" and Patty stopped quite suddenly, she was so shocked.

"Well, well, my dear, he means well; I dare say he means well. Perhaps one shouldn't call him names like—not of a Sunday, and coming from church and all. But those Barfords always want to be riding the high horse, and making presents, and looking down on one. I won't have it! Threw the flower away, Patty!"

"If you wish it, grandfather," she said, rather mournfully.

"The old man laid a trembling hand upon her shoulder, and said, in a low, moved voice:

"They want you to love them more than me, Patty! They want to take away your love from me, Patty. Don't let them; don't, there's a dear lamb! I'm a very old man, Patty, and troublesome, very likely, and hard to please sometimes; but I'm your grandfather—I'm your poor mother's father—and they're strangers, quite strangers. They're not blood-kin to you in any way, my dear. Don't get to love them more than me—don't, Patty. I want all your love, every bit, my child. You must love no one else—nothing else—only me, Patty!"

She looked into his face in a strange, scared way. For a moment there was the gleam as of tears in her eyes. Then she let fall the rose, and they went on again.

"Who's that coming along behind us, Patty?" asked Mr. Bryce.

Patty turned. She saw a young man following them, who stopped when he came to where she had dropped Farmer Barford's rose. Could she be mistaken? It seemed to her that he picked up the fallen flower, and thrust it into his breast-pocket. Again Patty blushed. She was rather given to blushing; and there was a slight falter in her voice as she said,

"It's the young man lodging at Todd's the wheel-wright's."

"Do you know his name, my dear?"

"I think it's Becket; at least, so Mr. Barford said."

What a splendid color adorned Patty's cheeks! The old man muttered something, It sounded very like "Bother Mr. Barford!" Perhaps it was even a more forcible expression. Probably the army at Seringapatam was accustomed to hear and to use rather strong language. I can find no other excuse for him.

II.

WAS it from pure chance only that there came that beautiful glow on Patty's face—that brilliant gleam in Patty's eyes—when she mentioned the name of the young man lodging "over at Todd's the wheel-wright's?"

Mrs. Barford was right. Certainly Mr. Becket—"stoodent chap," as she called him—looked "poorly like;" had "a sickerly sort o' look," according to Mr. Barford. It was a very white face that had appeared over the chancel-pew door every now and then, during the morning ministration of the Rev. Morris Baldersby, for it was occasionally only that the members of his flock were visible to each other, the partitions between them were so high. During the Litany, for instance, the whole congregation were lost to view—secreted at the bottom of their pews—like solitary half-pence in separate money-boxes. But during the singing of the Psalms, pale Mr. Becket could be seen by all. He owned a handsome face, though it was so white. A little too womanly and delicate, perhaps, and wanned by illness apparently—yet certainly handsome, if only from its refinement and expression. Fair hair, a slender figure, and thin, white, nervous hands that matched the clergyman's, only they were without *their* tremor. Mrs. Barford had quick eyes. Did she notice that when Patty's singing from her seat near the communion-table drew Mr. Bryce's approving gaze upon her, that Mr. Becket's eyes also turned in the same direction—with looks of admiration of a very ardent kind indeed! But, perhaps, Mrs. Barford was a woman of discretion. It is as well not to see too much. It is as well to let some events occur without comment.

III.

WHO was Mr. Becket? He had come down from London in bad health; he had taken lodgings at Todd's; he was studying law.

Looking from the window at the back of Todd's house, it was not possible not to see ex-Sergeant-Major Bryce's garden; still less was it possible not to see Patty Dean if she happened to be in her grandfather's garden—and she was there very often.

The student sat at his window poring over a thick book—an ugly-looking book—bound in what is known as law calf, with the name on a red label at the back. He leaned his head upon his hand, clutching a handful of his long, light hair, and frowning as he read, curving his back and twisting his legs together after the usual inevitable unwise manner of students. It was very still. The soft-scented air blowing gently in at the open casement, fanning the student's white face—only the noise of the stray jasmine branch, that would tap now and then upon the panes, or the buzzing of the loaded bee bungling at the glass striving to burst his way through and make free with the flowers inside the room; or now and then the glad notes of that intrepid aeronaut, the lark, high up above—a musical rocket—raining down sparks of song upon the world. It would be very pleasant to be atop of the purple hill at the back of the cottage, breathing the air at very first hand, as it were—while it was yet virginal and new—untaxed and unsoiled; or to be on one's back in the shade, watching the little Trill, enjoying its sparkling wrestle with its rushes! So the student thought, perhaps, as he glanced up at the sky—out at the hills—and then turned again to his law calf-bound book, and sighed. And this time thrust *both* hands into his tangled hair.

> "An agreement by a *feme covert*, having separate estate, for the purchase of property, has been enforced against the seller upon the ground that she may contract as if she were a *feme sole* for the purchase of an estate, and that her property will be bound by the contract, although she do not refer to it. But in a case before Sir J. Leach—"

Three times did the student stagger through this interesting paragraph, struggling to take it into his intelligence. But he couldn't. It was not the sky, nor the hill, nor the lark, nor the bee, nor the Trill that hindered him. Somehow he felt—there was as much feeling as seeing in the case—the presence of some one in Sergeant Bryce's garden. The next moment, and he encountered the exquisite blue eyes of Patty Dean! Of course each looked away instantly—he steadily at the sky, she intently on the ground. But the mischief was done. It was as though they were at the ends of a chain which love had electrified all ready for them. They had touched the wire—only with the very tips of their fingers—in the slightest way possible. It was enough.

Is love often so instantaneous as this? I don't know; I am only stating a single case, not laying down a general rule founded upon many facts. Certainly when Patty read in the student's rapt glance, "I love you!" she hung out signals in her eyes that expressed, as plainly as though she had spoken the words, "Thank you; *I* love *you!*"

Could he go on reading after that? Was it possible to chain himself to that ugly law book longer? No! "She may contract as if she were a *feme sole!*" What did the author mean? Would he dare to call that angel in Sergeant Bryce's garden—would he dare to speak of her as a *feme sole?* What an infamy! A *feme sole!* Ha! ha! Why not a *fried sole?* It was just as reasonable, quite as fit, That darling a *feme sole!* Great Heaven! And he kicked the book into a corner.

He strode about the room. There was a smile upon his lips now, and light in his eyes, and color in his cheeks. He looked already a hundred per cent. better. He seemed to grow quite healthy, muscular, and athletic all of a sudden. He gave the book another kick when he came into its neighborhood; he squared pugilistically at an imaginary foe, and hit out at him. Suddenly he stopped.

He looked again from the window, and devoted himself to watching Patty Dean's movements in Sergeant Bryce's garden. Hers was a simple occupation enough. A cord ran from the big apple-tree in the centre of the garden to the lime close to the house. On this cord Patty was engaged in hanging "the things" to dry. It was certainly interesting to the spectator was this employment. There was an element of chance about it. Now she was quite hidden behind a turbulent swelling sheet; when would she emerge? What a time she kept out of sight! There she was! Ah! gone again in a second. It was like a game of peep-bo! and every time their eyes met how they blushed, Patty and the student, and yet they enjoyed their own and each other's diffidence. They were quite children at the game—the game of love, I mean this time, and not peep-bo—but they played at it very creditably indeed for beginners. And the student grew desperately bad. He longed to sally forth and leap the little boundary hedge that sundered the domains of Mr. Bryce and Mr. Todd, and crown Patty with a wreath of apple-blossom; it was the most perfect decoration at hand, and very pretty would the white pink-tinted flowers have looked, starring Patty's clouds of chestnut hair, and setting off to perfection her blue eyes and her red lips, and the beautiful bloom of her cheeks; and then fall at her feet, and do fealty to her as the lawful queen of his heart.

Altogether, perhaps, it was no wonder that he looked at her so earnestly from the chancel-pew, or that she blushed when she saw him pick up and treasure the rose Farmer Barford had given her, and Sergeant Bryce had begged her to discard.

What would grandfather say if he were to know all this? What, indeed! But then he didn't know it. All things considered, it may be that it was quite as well he didn't.

IV.

SERGEANT BRYCE sat in his garden smoking a long clay pipe. On the rustic table before him rested a handsome wire cage, containing a canary bird with the brightest black eyes and the gayest yellow plumage that ever were seen. Bird and cage had been presented to Patty, some months before, by Miss Ada Morris, the rector's grand-niece, who had been charmed by the way Mr. Bryce's granddaughter had distinguished herself in the school, and by her singing in church. The bird hopped from perch to perch of his cage in the most sprightly manner, and tilted his head to and fro the better to eye old Mr. Bryce and his proceedings. A preliminary note or two, and the bird treated himself to quite a *scena* of song, full of difficulties, admirably executed. The merits of the performance, however, were lost on Mr. Bryce. He simply scowled at the bird; if it had been a little bigger I think he would have liked to have used his rattan to it.

"Little beast!" he muttered, "how I hate that bird! I wish Patty wouldn't bring it out here, parading it about enough to make one sick. She's allays pampering of it, and a-smartening up of its cage, and a-talking to it, and a-singing and a-whistling, and making it peck sugar from 'twixt her lips. I can't think what makes her so fond of it. I can't see nothing in it. Ugly little devil I call it."

And he looked round cautiously to see if he were watched, and then puffed a cloud of tobacco-smoke into the cage. The poor bird looked very dismal indeed under this violent change of atmosphere.

"I wish that girl up at Rectory had kept the bird to herself," the old man went on, regardless of the canary's aspect of astonishment and distress. "Patty thinks of nothing now but this bird, I declare. All day long, from morning till night, there's no comfort in the house now—none. She's *too* fond of it, that's what she is; it isn't right. I hate to see her so fond of it; she used to care a bit for me once; but now—"

Suddenly the old man stopped, and put down his pipe; a strange eager look came into his face; then he scrutinized the cage with great care. He took off his oilskin cap, and wiped his forehead.

"Why, the door isn't fastened," he said; "the slightest touch would open it. It would hardly be my doing, supposing—supposing the door was to open and the bird to hop out—hardly my doing; she ought to have seen that it was secure, of course she ought; it would be her own fault if the bird were to get away—entirely her own fault."

He thought over the matter a little. He took a puff or two at his pipe.

"Why, I believe a breath of wind even would do it. A breath—"

He stooped over the cage and blew in another cloud of smoke from the side of the cage opposite to that he had operated upon before. The door opened a little, a very little only, so he helped it by means of his pipe. The bird, puzzled by the smoke, hopped down to inhale the fresh air coming in at the door, now wide open; hopped on to the frame of the door, peered round cautiously. The sergeant held his breath; the bird was out—on the table—on the ground—away—over the hedge!

The deed was done. Of course he was sorry for it the moment after; shocked at his meanness, ashamed of his jealousy, trembling all over, his hand shook so he could not hold his pipe, and it fell and broke, and he stood pale, cowed, and guilty-looking—before his grandchild!

"Oh, my poor birdie! my dear, darling, little birdie!" and Patty was in agony of sorrow.

"I couldn't help it—indeed I couldn't!" he faltered. "You left the cage open, and the bird got out. I couldn't stop him—indeed I couldn't! You left the cage open."

"Poor, poor dickey!" Patty hid her face in her hands.

"Don't cry," said a voice they had neither of them heard before. Some one jumped over the hedge from the next garden. Patty looked up, and her eyes met the student's.

"It's quite safe," he said; "it flew straight to me, straight to my heart."

And he restored to her the little, warm, throbbing canary. In doing this their hands met for the first time. It seemed to be quite difficult to part them again. It was quite a long business, that passing the bird from his keeping to hers.

"How can I ever thank you enough," said Patty; "my darling! my darling!"

Of course these terms of endearment were intended for the bird; but somehow the student seemed to derive a sort of reflected tenderness from them.

"I am very glad," he said, "that I was able to secure it. But, indeed, I could hardly help it, for it flew straight to my heart."

He seemed to attach importance to that phrase—he dwelt upon it so. He turned to the old man:

"I saw how it escaped," he said, steadily.

The Sergeant-Major of the 140th Regiment quailed before the student.

V.

THE hedge once leaped, words interchanged, hands met, and there was not now one wire only bringing Patty and the student *en rapport*, there was a whole electric coil; they were knit together now in quite a tangle of love. Could it be long before the story of the student's passion found its way from his heart to his lips? One delicious moonlight night Patty was in the garden, quite accidentally of course, and in a moment there was the student on his knees before her, telling her what she must have known perfectly well, and which yet she trembled to hear. How her heart beat, and her voice fled from her! No; she couldn't speak. Poor Patty! The tears came into her eyes, and she stooped down and kissed her lover. Perhaps the action was more eloquent than speech, after all. Poor Patty!

A hoarse, harsh shout startled them. It was like a cracked gong breaking in upon a pastoral symphony. Sergeant-Major Bryce, with fury in his face, was sundering the lovers; driving angrily one into his cottage, menacing the other with a feeble fist.

VI.

"I'D never have believed it of you; never, Patty, never! To think you should come to this; tricking, and lying, and cheating your poor old grandfather, as has been so kind to you. No," he screamed, passionately, "crying ain't no use, not a bit; you bad, wicked, heartless girl, you. You've no more feeling than a stone, you know you haven't. I, that has loved you so much, and hoped that you'd love only me—only me—a poor old man of eighty-seven. You might have waited a bit, Patty. I sha'n't be here long to trouble you. You might have waited till they took me to the church-yard, Patty. But you've no heart, no feelin', no thought but for your own wicked, worthless self. You bad girl, you—you," etc., etc.

So the old man rained down words that were blows upon poor Patty's devoted head.

"Don't speak so to me, grandfather, don't; you'll kill me."

And she went to him to kiss him. He thrust her from him rudely, fiercely even.

"Get away; I want no viper's kisses, I don't. You're no grandchild of mine no more. You're not my Patty. You're not—"

But he stopped. Her face was so white that it frightened him, even in his senseless anger.

"Will you give him up, Patty?" he asked.

"Any thing, any thing!" she cried, in a strange, broken voice, "only don't, don't, for God's sake, speak to me like that!" and she fell fainting into his arms.

VII.

"OH, no; never, never; it can never be!" she said to her lover, at a last stolen interview; "have pity on me. Don't think unkindly of me, Henry. I *do* love you—indeed I do; but we must never meet again. I dare not see you any more; I hardly dare to think of you. My life belongs to *him*. Forgive me, Henry—and yet, no, no, please don't forget me."

What could he do? What but strain her to his heart, press his lips on her white face, swear that he would love her always, murmur "God bless you, Patty!" and then turn his back upon Oakmere St. Mary's. Forever?

VIII.

MONTHS went by. Autumn mists brooded over the village green, almost obscured the pump. The landscape wore a threadbare look, like an old coat. The foliage waned and faded. The trees were losing flesh, as it were, and fast becoming skeletons. The cold winds had commenced already to whistle through their naked branches. The flowers were gone, and with them the roses from Patty's cheeks. She was very pale now, and so thin and weak that any effort seemed to fatigue and pain her. She could sing no more in church now. She had tried, but her voice gave way. She burst into tears, and nearly swooned in front of the chancel pew.

And no news of the student? None. He had gone, and left no trace—save the sorrow in Patty's heart and eyes. One thing to mark his visit: the ugly law book, with the name of "Henry Becket" and a London address written on the fly-leaf—he had left *that* behind him. Todd the wheel-wright—perhaps he could make a guess as to what had happened, he was a kind-hearted man, and very fond of his little neighbor Patty—Todd asked her if she would mind taking charge of the book until his lodger came or sent for it. Poor Patty! how she hugged it to her heart, and kissed it, and cried over it. It was a strange use to put a legal authority to. I don't think the learned author ever contemplated a *feme sole* conducting herself so curiously over his work.

"She'll go jist like her mother did afore her," so the old folks said up the village. "*She* fell sickerly, and got pale and agerish; and Muster Bryce, he ain't the man he were. Can't look after the boys in church as he used. He's agoing fast: and he be that deaf now—"

There were no more boasts about "eighty-seven and all his faculties." He was very feeble and peevish, and his voice was now quite a whine.

IX.

THERE had been sickness at Farmer Barford's house. Little Amos had been bad with the measles, and Dr. Gregor had been constantly in attendance. The sufferer, however, was convalescent now, and Mrs. Barford was able to talk to the Doctor upon other subjects than her sick child. One morning she had a very long conversation indeed with him. I think she was putting him in possession of the history of Oakmere St. Mary's during the past six months.

"He's a confounded old fool," said the Doctor, when she had finished. "I am going on to Hensingham Priory. I'll call on him as I come back."

Some hours later, and the Doctor returned through Oakmere St. Mary's.

"Is your neighbor in?" he asked of Todd, the wheel-wright. Todd nodded in reply.

"Then I'm going to bully him well," said the Doctor.

"*Tew* can play at that," Todd answered with a grin. (Todd came from Devonshire originally.) And he chuckled to himself. "Bully old Bryce! That's something like a joke. The hardest-mouthed old man about these parts."

The Doctor made his way into Bryce's cottage.

"You're a wicked old man," cried the Doctor.

He paused, expecting a violent outburst in reply. Mr. Bryce shuffled his feet and moved uneasily in his chair.

"I know I am," he said, humbly.

"You've made yourself miserable—"

"I have."

"And you're breaking your grandchild's heart."

"Don't say that," and the old man held up his hands imploringly. The Doctor had expected a fierce battle. But the foe surrendered without striking a blow.

"Don't *you* say she is going like her mother. I've heard them say so up the village. Any thing but that. Don't *you* say it."

"Send for *him* then," said the Doctor.

"I've thought of it often. I've been wrong and foolish, but I'm eighty-seven, you see. I'd have sent for him long ago, but—"

"But what?"

"I never knew his name, not to recollect it, much less his address."

Just then Patty entered with the law calf-bound book. When she pointed to the writing on the fly-leaf there was more color in her face than had been seen there for months.

"There's just half an hour to catch the London post," said the Doctor, looking at his watch.

X.

IT was not very long after this that the Rev. Morris Baldersby was busy with the Marriage Service.

"I Henry, take thee, Patty," etc., etc. (She was christened Patty, it appeared.)

Did Mr. Henry Becket's friends speak of a *mésalliance* ever? None who ever knew his wife. Indeed she should have been accounted a good match. Her heart was of gold.

Mrs. Barford provided a superb cake.

"Will you have it all," whispered the Doctor to Sergeant Bryce, "or will a slice do? A slice? Very good. Eighty-seven, and all your faculties; and, listen: perhaps when you are eighty-eight, or a little better, a *great-grandfather*—think of that! But shall you want all your *great* grandchild's love? Won't a *slice* of it do? Yes, so I should think."

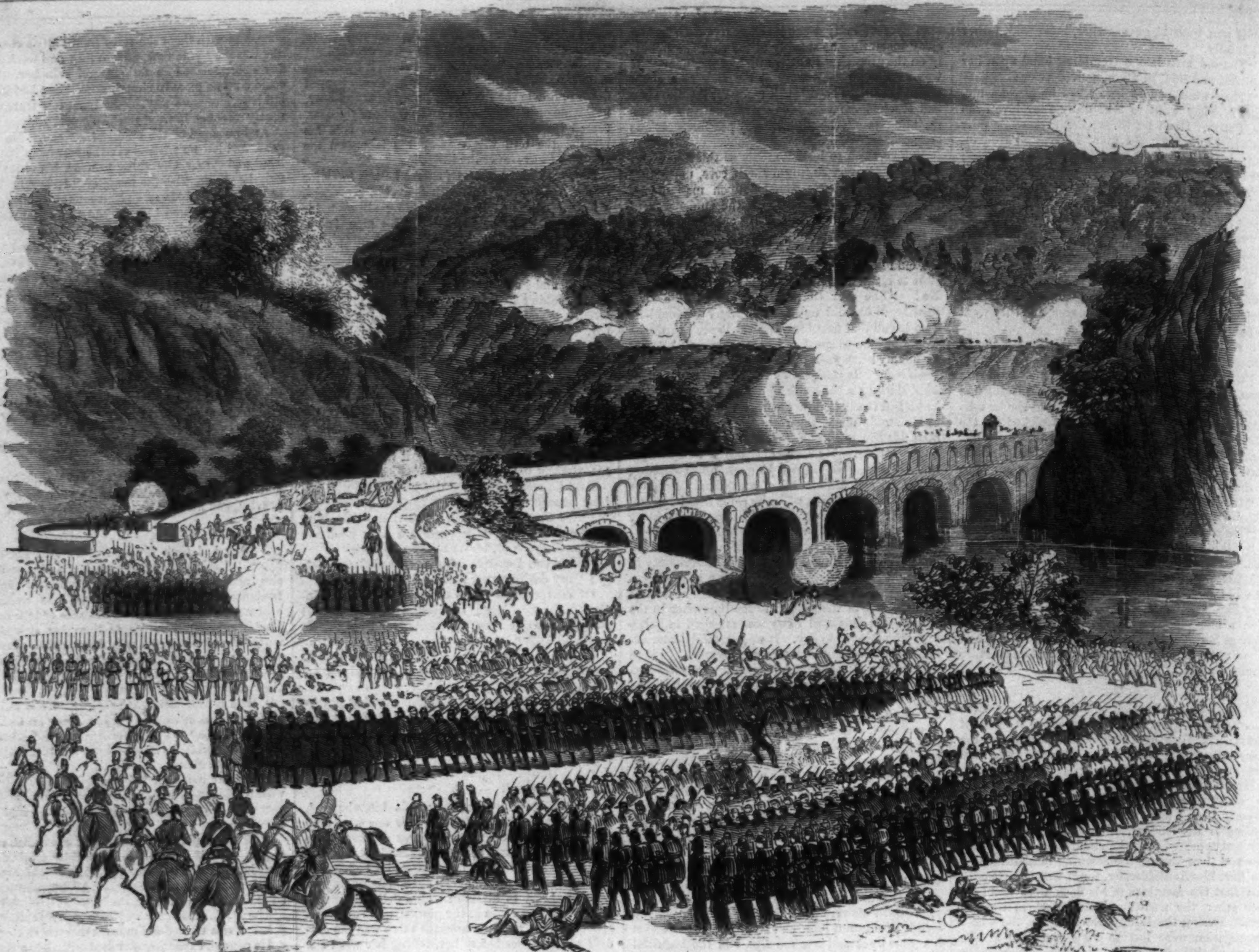
Patty's grandfather was convinced. He shook hands with the Doctor, next with the bridegroom, then with every body else in the room. He was perfectly happy and comfortable. And to demonstrate his possession of his faculties, and especially to delight Farmer Barford, he straightway struck up and sang twice through his favorite song, "Jemmy-linkum-feedle."

FRESHET AT CINCINNATI.

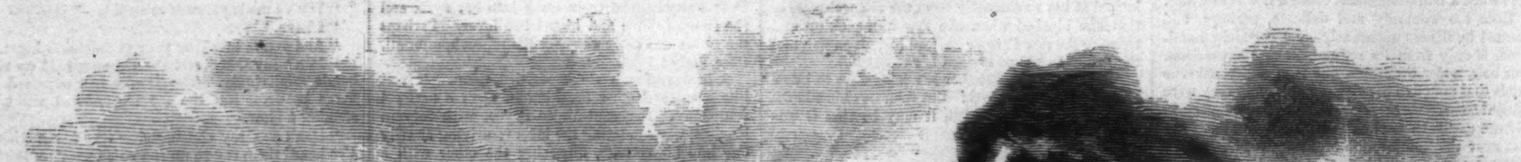
WE are indebted to an old correspondent, Mr. George M. Finch, of Cincinnati, for the picture which we reproduce on page 124, illustrating the recent FRESHET IN THE OHIO. Mr. Finch writes:

CINCINNATI, *Jan.* 25, 1862.

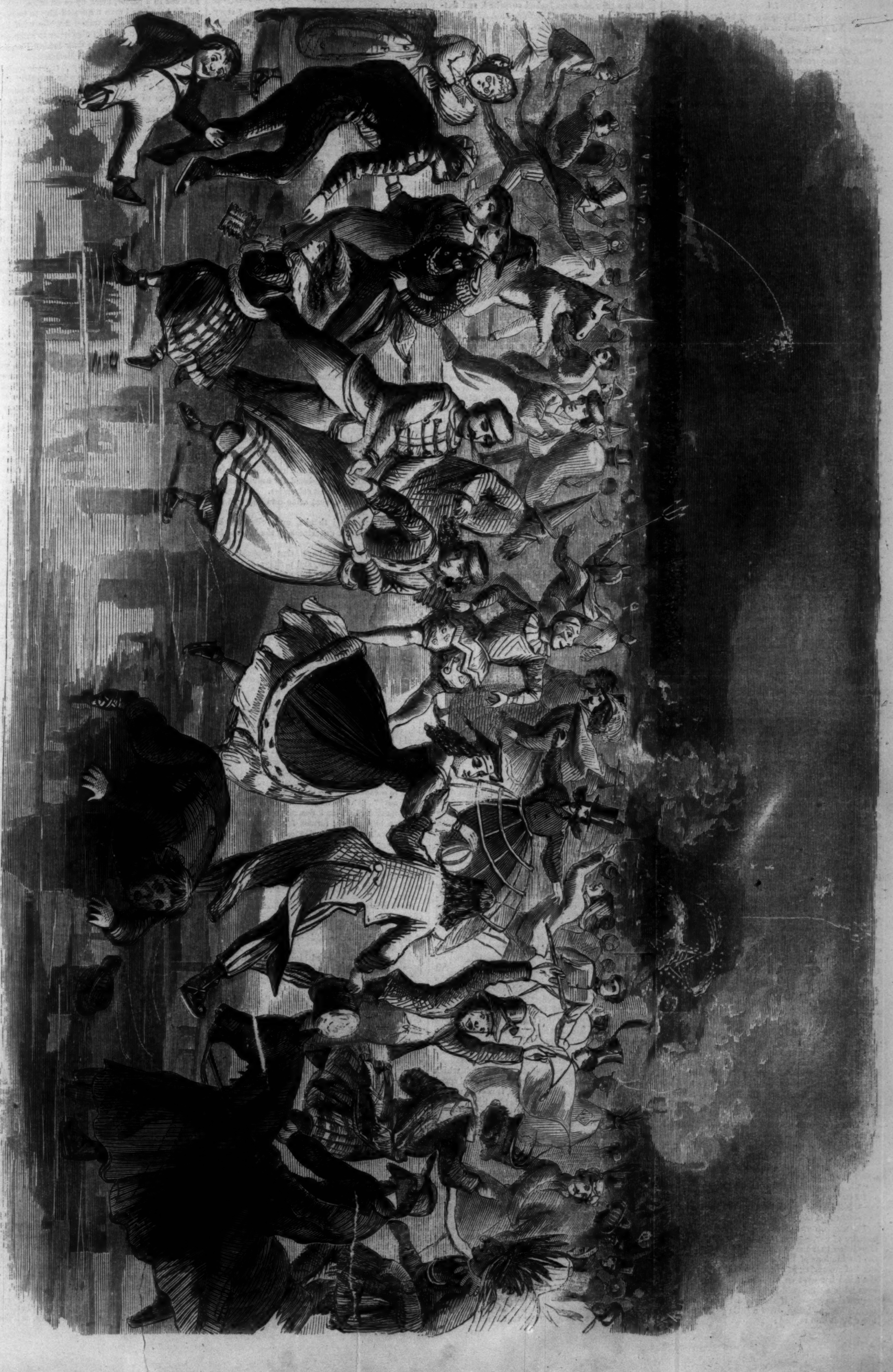
Inclosed I send a sketch of the Maysville packet landing during the great freshet in the Ohio River, now at its height. It is taken at the corner of Walnut and Water streets. As floods in the Ohio only occur about once in 15 years—and when they do, cause immense damage, as this one has done, the whole river-front of the city being inundated—I thought it might be of sufficient interest to your readers to publish a sketch.



BATTLE BETWEEN THE MEXICANS AND THE ALLIED INVADERS, AT THE NATIONAL BRIDGE, NEAR VERA CRUZ.—[See Page 114.]


ALLEGHANY HOUSE
WALNUT ST.
US
MAYS VIL PACKET
TRANSF

THE RECENT INUNDATION OF THE OHIO AT CINCINNATI.—Sketched by Mr. George M. Finch.—[See Page 123.]



SKATING CARNIVAL IN BROOKLYN, FEBRUARY 10, 1862.

TRAPPED.

I.

"Thank you! I'm quite out of breath, I declare, and don't intend to dance another step this evening!"

"You'll be obliged to repeat that cruel determination so frequently that I know you'll get tired of it and change your mind—in my favor, I hope."

"*Merci, M'sieu!* very prettily said, I'm sure! As a reward, you may sit and talk to me until they get through that odious *schottische*, if you're not afraid to do so."

"The position has its danger, I admit," replied the young man, with a glance which made the remark a compliment to the brilliant beauty of the dashingly-dressed woman beside him; "but I'll risk it."

"You won't understand me, eh? then I'll speak plainer. Don't you know that I'm a Secessionist?"

"Well?"

"Well, indeed! the man doesn't seem shocked, I declare, and he an employé of the Government!"

"A lady has a right to be any thing she pleases, especially when she pleases to be as charming as Mrs. Heyward!"

"On my word, now! Then positively you wouldn't send me off to Fort Lafayette even if I talked treason against Mr. Lincoln?"

"I should be very sorry to deprive Washington of one of its most brilliant and fascinating ornaments. The women might thank me for it, but all the men would hate me."

"Ah, poor Washington!"—and Mrs. Heyward shrugged her bare and beautiful shoulders—"how you are changed!"

"In what respect?"

"In every one that I can think of. The Capitol turned into filthy barracks; the White House not much better, with its mobs of epauleted tinkers and tailors, who speak through their noses, say, '*haōw!*' and don't know enough to keep their swords from tripping them up, or their spurs out of a woman's dress when they're dancing—their dowdy wives and vulgar daughters: I'm out of patience with every thing! You're not a Yankee, are you?"

"I was born in Maryland," the young man answered, who had listened with a not altogether assenting or pleased countenance to the remarks of his fair companion; "but I have lived from almost my earliest recollection in New York State, some distance up the Hudson."

"Ah! I thought you couldn't be a down-Easter—a Yankee proper! Maryland is with us in heart, you know, let them say what they will. Of course you're a Republican?"

"Oh no! I've only voted for one Presidential election, and then I went for Douglas."

"Indeed! How came you to be in office then—and a confidential one, too—at least somebody was telling me so?"

"Mine is so, in some respects. I am private secretary to Mr. ——" (naming a gentleman high in office in the present Administration). "He is an old and valued friend of our family—distantly related to it, in fact—and has proved himself to me the most generous of patrons. Our Government, you must admit, is not a proscriptive one; it doesn't look at political antecedents."

"Oh, I dare say it's glad to welcome any body who comes over to its side, and to pay them well, too—don't suppose I'm alluding to *you* now."

The face of the young man had crimsoned at the insinuation; he bowed, and was silent.

"Mr. Mertoun," the lady continued, modulating her naturally rich and sweet voice until it sounded almost confidential in the ear of the youthful private secretary, "you must forgive my freedom of speech; I am a Virginian, and haven't yet learned to conform myself to the existing state of things. Besides, I must tell you that you are *so* like a cousin of mine, that I find myself talking more familiarly than usual."

"I am happy in the resemblance, I'm sure, and in the result. Where is the gentleman now?"

"Where I would be if I were a man—in the Southern army. But the tongue is the only weapon a woman can use, and sometimes they shut her up for doing that."

"Are you not a contradiction to that assertion?"

"How long should I be so if I *always* spoke my mind as freely as I do now? If Mr. —— heard me"—naming the secretary's patron—"don't you think he'd apply for a *lettre de cachet?*"

"I think better of his gallantry. But—pardon me the question—if your opinions are really so averse to us as you allow me to infer, why do you risk possible danger by remaining in Washington?"

"We're not afraid of danger, we Virginians. I'm waiting."

"Waiting? what for?"

"The time when I may find myself among friends again, and perhaps be of some service to those who tolerate me now. Don't fail to ask my good offices if you ever need them. You have earned them by exhibiting moral courage enough to dance and converse with me at present."

"That is its own reward, and the obligation all on my side. I wish I could lighten it."

"Really?"

"Really."

"Would you get me a pass beyond the lines if I wanted to go to Richmond?"

"That's a service I should be loth to perform, as I fear you would stay there, and *then* I should think Jeff Davis's capital a more desirable place to be in than Abe Lincoln's."

The words were spoken idly and gallantly, with no more of earnestness than sufficed to convey the impression that the young man was susceptible to the fascinations of his handsome companion. Instead of answering at once, and in the same strain, she fixed her eyes on his—they were dark brown eyes with a wine-gold light in them, marvelously beautiful to see—as if surprised into momentary seriousness, and then, after a little pause, drooped her eyelids and replied:

"Don't talk like that. I might take you at your word."

In his turn Mertoun looked surprised, and fluttered. "I would retract nothing that might commend me to the favor of Mrs. Heyward," he stammered.

"Nothing?"

"Nothing consistent with my honor." He added the latter part of the sentence awkwardly; the significance of her accentuation of the word of two syllables had startled him.

"Ah! I thought so." And Mrs. Heyward slightly curled her ripe scarlet upper lip. "Hadn't you better go and dance now? You have spent enough time upon me, I'm sure."

Mertoun was piqued at her change of tone. "If you are tired of my company," he said, "I will leave you; but"—and here, as he gazed upon her beauty, admiration, vanity, and sudden passion influencing him, he added, "I would rather be by your side than any where else in the world."

"No?" Again she looked into his eyes with her former fascinating glance, and smiling warmly motioned him to resume his place, for he had half-withdrawn himself from the shelter of her expansive crinoline. And forthwith there began an engrossing conversation between the two, which need not be reported. It ended abruptly in rather a singular manner.

Among the crowd of guests in the brilliantly-lighted ball-room there was a middle-aged man, handsomely dressed as a civilian, whose keen, shrewd face, and easy, refined self-possession indicated perfect familiarity with good society. He had danced a little, chatted a little, bestowed a smile here, dropped a word of recognition there, and came in time near to the two persons to whom the reader has been introduced. At first he glanced casually at them, though with a certain observant, retentive look natural to him, then with attention, presently with a peculiar and growing interest, no more disguised than sufficed to prevent his attracting the notice of those around. Principally he watched the countenance of Basil Mertoun, who, with a flushed cheek and downcast eyes, was listening to what appeared to be the seductive pleading of the beautiful woman by his side.

If you look steadily at any unconscious person the probability is that, before long, your glance will be returned—so certain is this that one might resort to the supposition of animal magnetism to account for it. Raising his eyes, Mertoun found himself the subject of the stranger's scrutiny. He colored still more deeply, and exhibited such marks of discomposure that Mrs. Heyward's eyes followed the direction of his own. In another moment she had risen to her feet, asked him impetuously whether he still desired to dance, and, scarcely waiting an answer, whirled the young man off into the thick of the circle of waltzers.

Then the middle-aged man smiled shrewdly, but directly afterward his keen face looked unwontedly grave. No longer making any show of watching the pair, he moved on through the company. But throughout the rest of the night he observed that Basil Mertoun still devoted himself to the fair Virginian almost exclusively. When she had departed the young secretary felt a hand laid upon his shoulder.

"A handsome partner, my boy, but dangerous! Remember Herodias's daughter."

"What of her?"

"She danced off a man's head, you know! Beware of that widow!"

II.

A month after the date of that warning, Basil Mertoun sat alone at night in a small chamber, furnished as a private office, in the house of his patron, engaged in transcribing certain documents of special importance, the urgent occasion for which necessitated his unremittent labor until their completion. Seated at a business-looking desk, with an iron safe let into the wall opposite, a shaded lamp affording him light, with the only window of the apartment wide open for the purpose of admitting what air was stirring in the sultry July night. The young man wrote on with almost feverish assiduity, only pausing in his task to make rapid phonographic duplicates of each page in a note-book, the leaves of which were of the thinnest French letter-paper. This he did in a curious, furtive manner, concealing the book in an inner breast-pocket at the completion of each transcript, and reproducing it when another was to be added. All the limited space of the apartment lay in deep shadow, except the circle of light beneath the lamp-shade, and its smaller reflection on the ceiling. In the first, the face and busy hands of the scribe stood out in strong relief; the countenance thus revealed exhibiting traces of anxiety which were once foreign to its former handsome self-complacency. A spectator would have supposed its owner over-worked, dissipated, or ill at ease.

From his frequent glances at his watch which lies on the desk beside him, and his increased speed of penmanship after such glances, it is evident that he desires to complete his double task by some particular time. As the index of the chronometer approaches the hour of eleven, the writer's fingers seem to emulate the progress of the minute-hand in its chase after the flying moments. The work is done at last, the documents copied, their secret duplicate hastily but securely deposited in the secretary's breast-pocket, the gas turned off. Wiping his perspiring face and forehead, Basil Mertoun seizes his hat and is about to quit the apartment—has withdrawn the key from its door for the purpose of locking it after him—when he hears that leading into the street close below heavily. Muttering an exclamation of impatience and anger, he stands for a few moments irresolute in the darkness, even glances back at the open window, as if with a transitory thought of availing himself of that mode of egress. But the room is on the third story of a tall house, and this involves a more dangerous jump than the desire to avoid what he supposes will prove a mere temporary hindrance seems to justify. So he waits, hoping that his unexpectedly returned patron will enter one of the lower rooms, leaving the staircase free for him to escape unobstructed.

But the footsteps pass above the second story and still ascend. Putting a bold face on the matter, he closes and locks the door of the little apartment with ostentatious noise and goes toward them, distrusting, as they approach, his first impression as to the identity of the new-comer. A few seconds confirm the doubt; he meets, face to face, at a landing-place in a turn of the stairs, not the portly figure and grave countenance of his patron, but a young man in the uniform of a lieutenant of the United States Army.

"*You*, Frank!" exclaims the Secretary, with a start of surprise; "what in Heaven's name brings you here, and at this hour? I didn't know you were in Washington."

"I came hither to find you." Spoken in a tone indicative of latent excitement, contrasting markedly with the nervous surprise and affected cordiality of Mertoun.

"I'm in the greatest possible hurry—have to leave something which I've just completed at the —— office, and can't delay a moment."

"I'll go with you." And they descended the stairs together, Basil chafing internally at the inopportune arrival, and hoping to be soon rid of his companion.

"When did you arrive?" he asked, feeling the necessity of saying something, and walking swiftly onward as they reached the street.

"This evening, at sunset. I have been since then in company with my sister."

"Is Ellen here?" They were passing beneath the deep shadow of the trees bordering the sidewalk, which concealed both their faces, otherwise a flush of conscious shame and self-reproach might have been visible on Mertoun's.

"Yes; do you know what brought her to Washington?"

Basil contrived to stammer out something about its being an unexpected pleasure, his having been so engrossed in business that he had not found leisure to write—finally, that he was very glad, and surprised, and curious.

"She came here because she had heard nothing from you, her affianced husband, for over a month, in spite of her most urgent entreaties. She fancied you might be sick, or that some calamity had befallen you."

Mertoun expressed thanks, and reiterated his excuses, with secret uneasiness at the tone of his companion.

"She had read, perhaps, that typhoid fever abounded in Washington, and perhaps of a worse contagion prevalent here; but never supposed you had contracted the latter."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean *treason*—treachery! Never start! Accident has made me the agent for your detection!" And the speaker placed himself full in Mertoun's path, as if to obstruct his further progress.

"Are you mad?" inquired the Secretary, with a pallid cheek and a bad counterfeit of indignation in his manner. "Stand aside and let me pass directly. I will answer your wild accusation at a better opportunity than the present."

"You will answer it this night, and to others who have a stronger if not a better right to question you. I know the secret of your haste: you would hurry from the —— office to keep an appointment with the woman to whom you have sold yourself, for whom you have sacrificed every thing—honor, gratitude, and affection, the love of her who was to have been your wife. But do not think to escape—you are trapped!"

"I am?" And Basil Mertoun, crowding all his rage, mortification, and despair into one action, aimed a blow at his former friend and intended brother-in-law. It was dextrously parried, and the striker seized by the collar. Another second and the two were engaged in a violent, a desperate struggle. Very soon Mertoun found himself borne to the ground by the superior strength and determination of his antagonist, whose hand was at his throat.

"Let me up!" he gasped. "What do you want of me?"

"Yield yourself as my prisoner, subject to whatever disposal shall be made of you?"

"I do."

The conqueror assisted him to rise, drew from his pocket a whistle, and blew it, not too loudly. After an anxious interval of waiting, it was answered by another at some distance.

"What is the meaning of all this, Frank Alden?" asked the discomfited Secretary. "Are you turned detective? If I were as guilty as you insanely allege, by what right do *you* exercise this violence?"

"The violence has been of your own originating; I should have used none. You will be more gently dealt with than you have any right to expect. All I require is that you shall accompany us."

"Us?"

"Yes, *us!* I act only according to instructions." As he spoke a carriage, the noise of which had been heard approaching, reached the spot, and, in answer to his hail, drew up near the sidewalk.

"Enter, if you please!" And the door of the vehicle opened, revealing within it the figure of a man. It was the keen-faced, middle-aged person who had warned Basil Mertoun at the ball.

III.

Rapidly the carriage was driven through the deserted streets, its occupants preserving a strict silence, for when Mertoun would have spoken he was told to reserve all observations until they should be called for. So with arms folded and a raging sense of discomfiture and apprehension of coming evil in his heart—with the constant haunting thought of a beautiful woman waiting for him—waiting, unconscious of the ruin impending over the heads of both, he rode onward with his captors, until the vehicle stopped before a handsome private house, and he was requested to alight.

A momentary thought of striking them down right and left, and a desperate attempt at flight, passed through his brain; immediately afterward he stood in a parlor, fitted up as an office.

The keen-faced man requested him to be seated, glanced at his watch, talked a while with Frank Alden, who then, as if in obedience to some order, left the room, closing the door behind him, when his principal addressed Basil Mertoun.

"You will hardly dispute my right to authorize your arrest, though you may be surprised at the manner of it. Know that its secrecy is partly in tenderness to you. You might justly have been seized in open day, before all the world, and consigned to the imprisonment due to a proven traitor, but for the entreaty of one whose confidence and friendship you have atrociously abused; thank him, if you obtain the opportunity of doing so, that you are not now on your way to Fort Lafayette!"

Mertoun attempted to answer, but was checked by an imperious gesture.

"Listen, and then add perjury to treason if you dare! I have here transcripts of documents of vital importance to the Government confided to you—and to you alone—in your capacity of private secretary to Mr. ——, fraudulently copied for transmission to the rebels." The speaker unlocked a desk and produced papers. "These were seized this morning on the banks of the Upper Potomac by Lieutenant Alden, who was dispatched hither with them and their bearer. You could increase them by one, I do not doubt, by putting your hand into your pocket."

Mertoun turned pale, but said not a word.

"It was to secure *that* dispatch, in addition to Mr. ——'s regard for yourself, that you were brought hither to-night. I authorized Lieutenant Alden to precede me, that his personal observation might confirm what we had not a shadow of reason to doubt—your treason! If you had remained for another ten minutes in Mr. ——'s house you would have been arrested there. It seems we were just in time!"

Still no reply from Mertoun; he breathed hard, but said nothing.

"You have been betrayed into this detestable treason by a woman as artful as she is unscrupulous. You expected to fly with her—had even procured passes beyond the lines for that purpose. You suppose she is at this moment impatiently awaiting you. If you would learn how miserably you have been duped—how little she cares for any thing beyond effecting her own objects—I may give you the opportunity. She is here now."

"Here!" The exclamation burst from Mertoun's lips in spite of himself.

"Here. I have but to touch this bell to produce her. Go into this closet and I will do so—stay! give me the document you have been copying this evening and its duplicates. Do you hesitate? Could I not have you searched if I chose?"

Convinced of this, and feeling that the temporary withholding of one additional evidence of his treason from that already obtained would avail him nothing, Mertoun produced the articles demanded.

"Now enter the closet, leave the door ajar, and listen." And the speaker sounded a silver bell that stood on the table.

Very soon, in obedience to the signal, the door opened, and two persons appeared—Lieutenant Alden and Mrs. Heyward. The latter was dressed in walking costume, including her bonnet and veil. She looked as handsome as ever, but defiant and startled. The keen-faced man politely motioned her to a seat.

"You were desirous of an interview with me, Madam, I believe?" he inquired.

"I came hither three hours ago for that purpose," she said, haughtily erect, "since which time I have been detained a prisoner in this house—in your house, Mr. ——! Upon my word, Sir, you carry matters with a high hand! I had, as is well known, no favorable opinion of your Black Republican Government, but was unaware that it had dispensed with the formality of even a *lettre de cachet* before depriving people of their liberty! What next, I wonder?"

The person she addressed, smiling shrewdly, and apparently only half attending to her, had meanwhile made up some of the papers obtained from Mertoun into a packet, which he handed to Alden. "Leave us, Lieutenant," he said, "and see that these are sent off at once. Now, Madam," as the door closed upon the officer, "I am at your service."

"In the first place, what am I to understand from the extraordinary detention to which I have been subjected?"

"What should you understand but that, unable to grant Mrs. Heyward an interview at the time of her visit, I was unwilling to deprive myself of that pleasure, and so made sure of it."

The lady looked sharply at him.

"Is that all?" she asked.

"Not exactly. We may detain you longer."

"I am a Southern woman, and in favor of Southern Rights. I have never disguised my sentiments. Is it for that that I am kidnapped in a manner as atrocious as it is illegal? Am I to consider myself under arrest, Sir?"

"If you please. Hadn't you better sit down and talk the matter over?" She made a gesture of disdain and aversion. "Well, just as you like. From your note, sent to me immediately after your arrival, I supposed you had something to say about your husband."

"My cousin, Sir!"

"Your cousin! Oh, come, come! don't tell me! I know all about it." And the speaker nodded confidently. "It was prudent, of course, to sink him and become a fascinating widow while sojourning in the camp of the enemy. The wife of Captain Heyward, of the Confederate army, might have found it difficult to retain her position in society, not to suggest more invidious reasons. *We* have known this little secret all along, and, I hope, manifested due gallantry in not making it public."

The handsome Virginian had eyed her interlocutor closely during the above address, as if desirous of ascertaining what serious purpose lay hid beneath the tone of raillery he adopted. She now seated herself, abandoned her assumption of pride and indignation, and spoke almost winningly:

"You speak truth, Mr. ——; I acknowledge it. My husband is a prisoner, I hear."

"Yes. He was captured in a skirmish between pickets this morning. You have very correct information."

"I wish to solicit his release."

The person addressed elevated his eyebrows and shrugged his shoulders.

"You will have to apply to the Secretary of War," said he, "or to Mr. Lincoln."

"If I had it in my power to do the Government some service adequate to the request I make, might it not avail, first, to free me from the detention you have threatened; second, to procure an early exchange for Captain Heyward with one of the Federal officers now imprisoned at Richmond?"

"Perhaps. Of what nature is the service you speak of?"

"The denunciation of a traitor in the employ of the Government."

"Indeed? I am afraid there are too many of them! Of course I can make no promises."

"The person I allude to has access to documents of vital national importance. He is in secret communication with the Confederates."

"That *is* important. Are you sure of it?"

"I can prove it."

"If it be a case of which we have no knowledge or suspicion, I might be warranted in promising my influence—nothing more—to secure what you ask, always provided that you are not yourself implicated."

"You are exacting, Sir." And Mrs. Heyward drew herself up imperiously. "I can keep my knowledge to myself."

"To be sure you can; and we can keep both you and the captain where it will be of little service to either of you."

The lady bit her lip, considered a while, and replied, "You may throw me into prison, but that will not help you to discover what I have spoken of. Without me you can not do it!"

"Perhaps no, perhaps yes! Is it about young Mertoun?" Mrs. Heyward did her best not to look conscious, but her face betrayed her. "Come, I see it is; better tell me all about it."

She needed more persuasion, but feeling that his knowledge and her detention would assuredly end Mertoun's treason in the interest of the rebels, and being desirous of making the best of the case for herself and husband, at length complied. And the concealed listener overheard the detail of his treachery by the lips that had lured him to it. She ended with a proposal to verify the truth of her statement by his arrest, supposing him to be awaiting her arrival at her residence.

"We will not go so far as that," said the keen-faced man, who had rapidly noted down the salient points of the narrative. "Have the goodness to open the door of that closet!"

"Sir?"

But the repetition of the request was needless. Stepping from his hiding-place, the Secretary confronted his tempter and betrayer. She was a woman of strong nerve, but she rose from her chair, recoiled, flushed scarlet, turned deathly pale, and then stood with compressed lips, clenched hands, and heaving breast, mutely defying him.

* * * * * * * *

Half an hour afterward Mrs. Heyward was removed to the house popularly known in Washington by the sobriquet of Fort Greenhow, where she still remains. In the Army of the Potomac, under a feigned name, is a private soldier desirous of expiating, by a glorious death in the service of his country, the past treason of Basil Mertoun.

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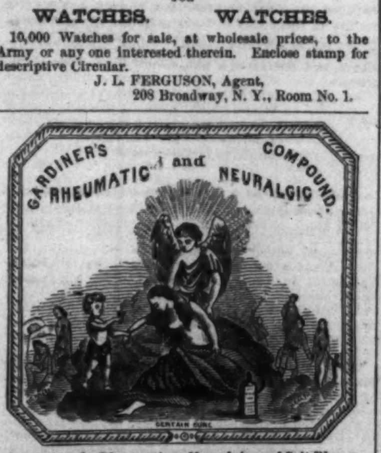

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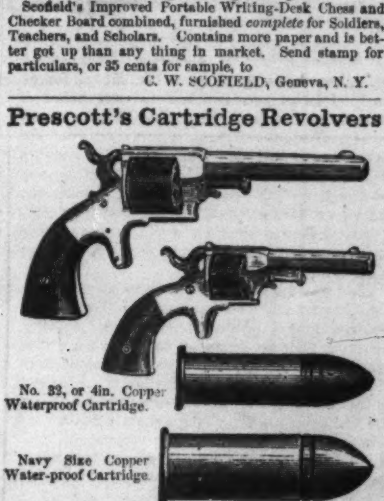
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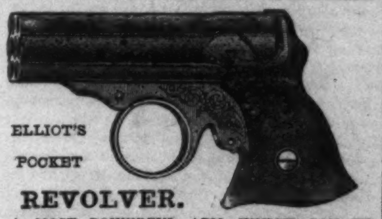

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